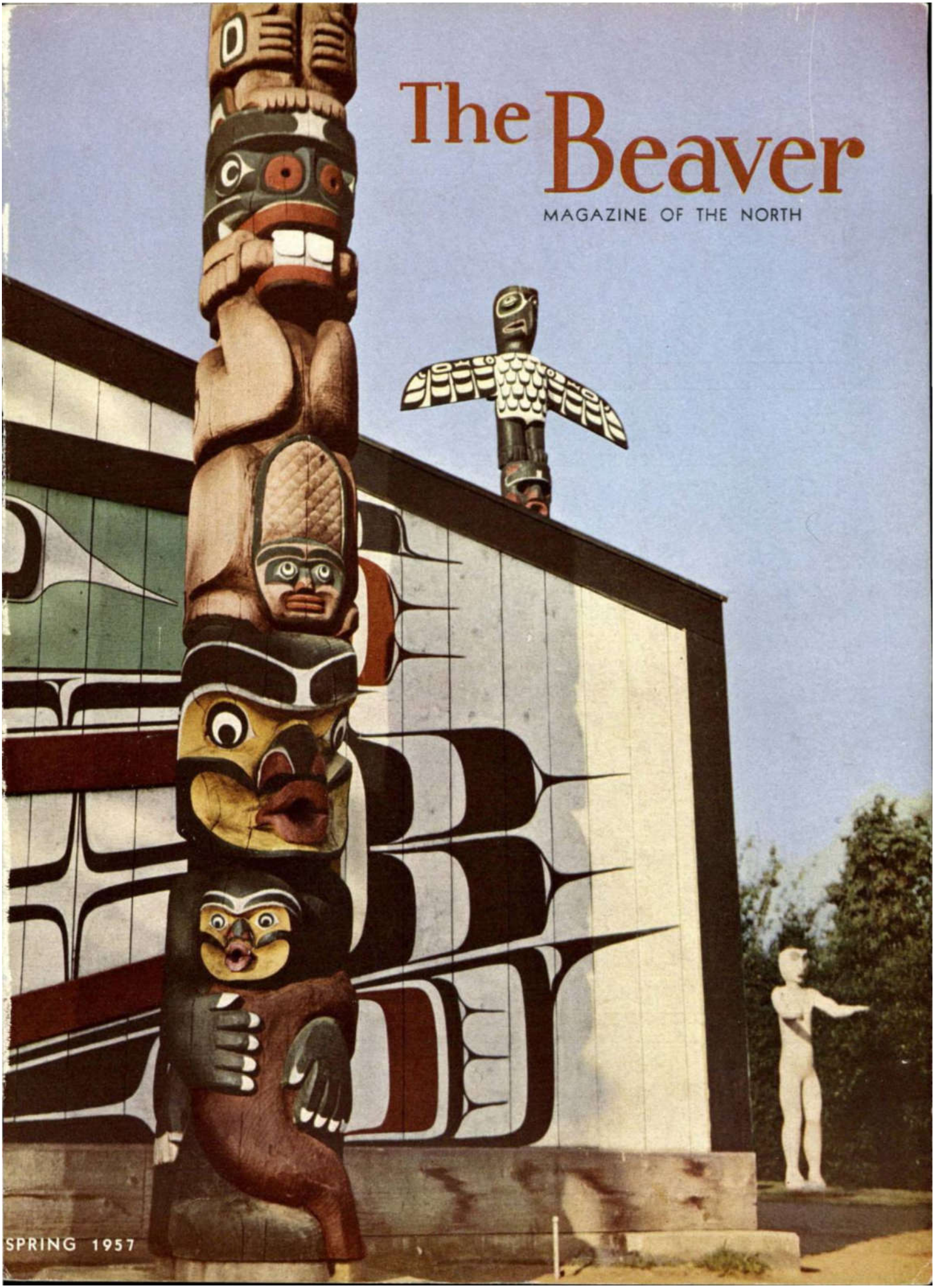
The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



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SPRING 1957
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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Clifford Wilson, Editor

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COVER

Kwakiutl totem pole and house, Thunderbird Park, Victoria. At bottom, Dsonoqua, mythical wild woman, holds her son. Above her, Tsa'wa the Beaver. —Richard Harrington.

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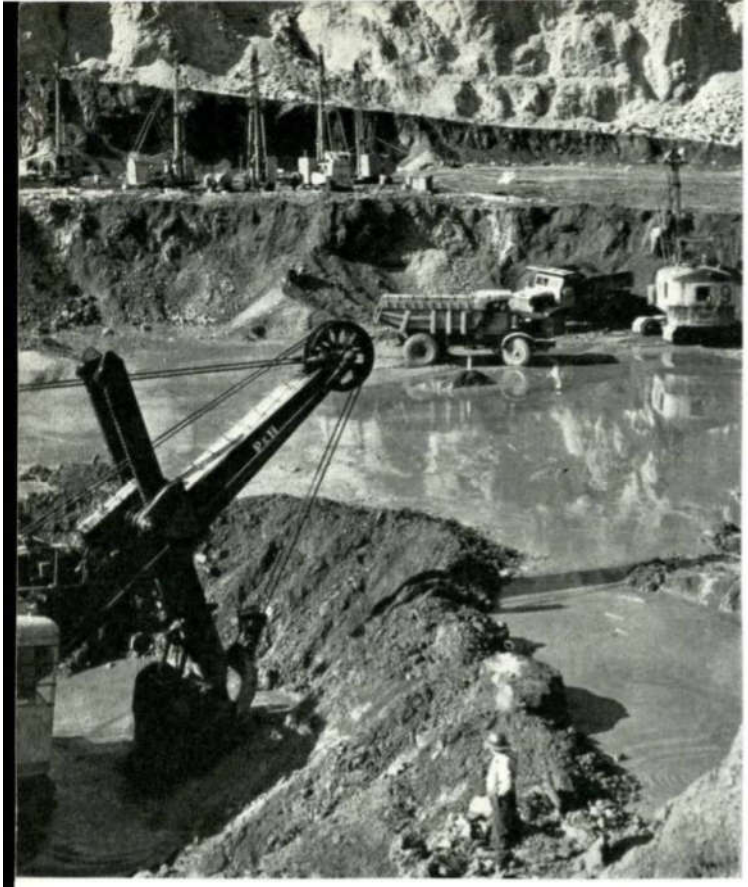


In the Errington open pit, loading operations are carried on in the foreground, and drilling on the bench in the background.

A train load of ore arrives at the Port Arthur docks for loading into a Great Lakes freighter.

Under the quiet waters of a wilderness lake lay untold riches.

PAY DIRT AT

IN the fall of 1930 Julian G. Cross, a middle-aged Canadian prospector, formerly a professor of mineralogy at Queen's University, set out through the muskeg, bogs and lakes, into the trackless wilderness of Western Ontario in search of a myth. For his lonely hunt he had no backers. Many thought he was on a fool's errand.

But the lonely search paid off: the big, loose-limbed, gentle-spoken professor came up with a find of incalculable importance. Already the Steep Rock iron deposits which he discovered, only 140 miles west of the Lakehead, are producing three million tons of high-grade ore per year, and the output is expected to triple within ten years. Reserves are estimated at between one and two billion tons. This may be history's richest iron range. To obtain access to it took 15 years, more than 50 million dollars, and engineering feats that "defied the laws of nature."

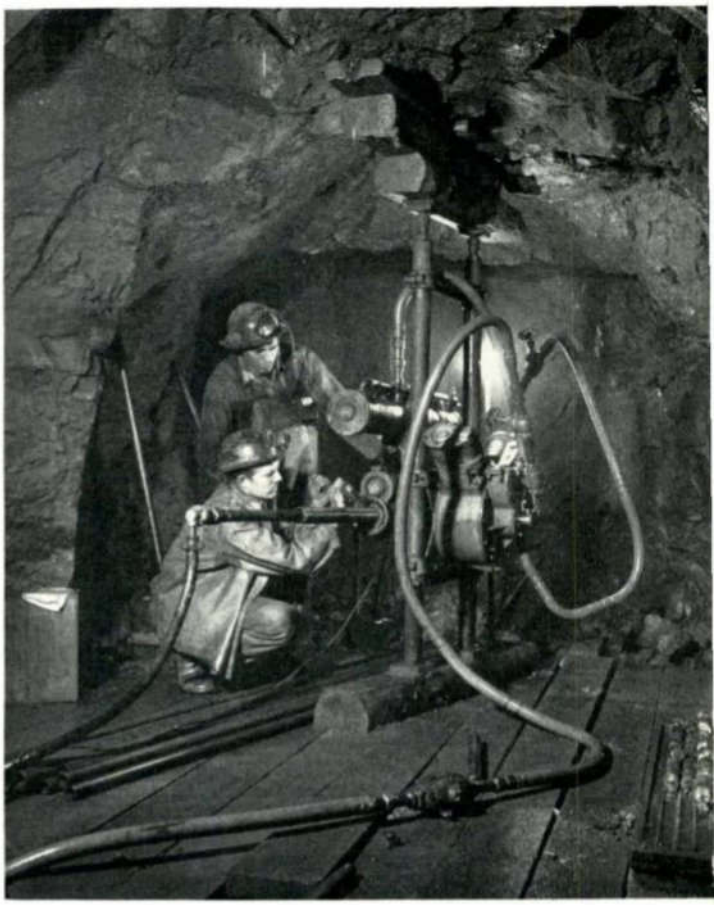
For some decades miners had wondered about the reddish-brown boulders churned up and strewn across the Ontario bush by an ancient glacier. Cross reasoned, as did many geologists, that the famed Mesabi iron range in northern Minnesota might be merely the boot of an immense field whose body lay in Canada. But prospectors, the Canadian Government and even a world geological congress hunted in vain for iron ore. The superstitious Ojibwa Indians said, "The rocks fell from the skies to fool the white man."

Jule Cross's interest was aroused by a yellowed 1897 Canadian Geological Survey report which suggested that ore might lie beneath the M-shaped lake which trappers called Steep Rock. He decided to play a hunch—bolstered by expert knowledge. "When the earth cooled," he told himself, "the iron contracted and formed great pits. Then, when the water came, the pits filled. I'll bet there's ore under many a lake in the north country."

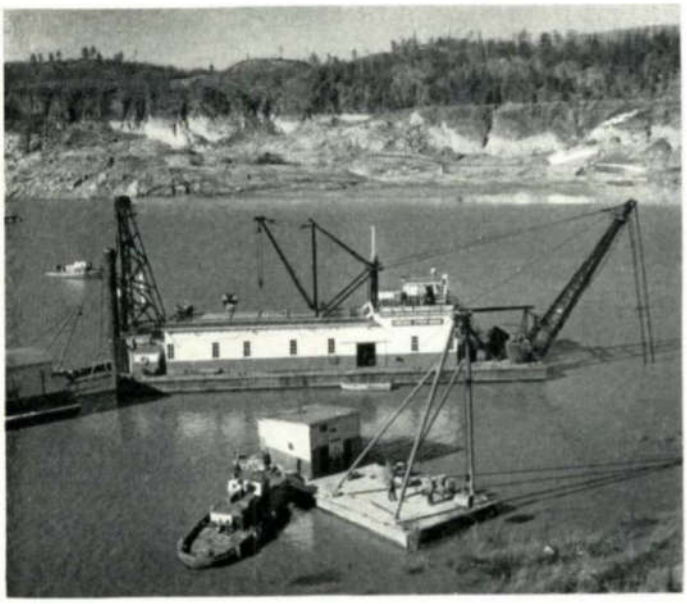
Steep Rock Lake lay $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Atikokan, a lonely Indian village on the Canadian National Railways line.

Photos by George Hunter for Steep Rock Iron Mines Ltd.

A diamond drill being adjusted underground.



One of the big dredges operating in 1952.



STEEP ROCK

by Tris Coffin

The lake could be reached only by canoe and portage, or in winter by snowshoe. In the autumn of 1930, after the black flies of summer had gone, and the Northern Lights flared in the clear, cold nights, Cross portaged in. It was a spectacular time: frosts had turned the maple and birch leaves scarlet and yellow; his companions were moose swimming in the lake, bears munching berries in the tangled brush, wolves howling at night.

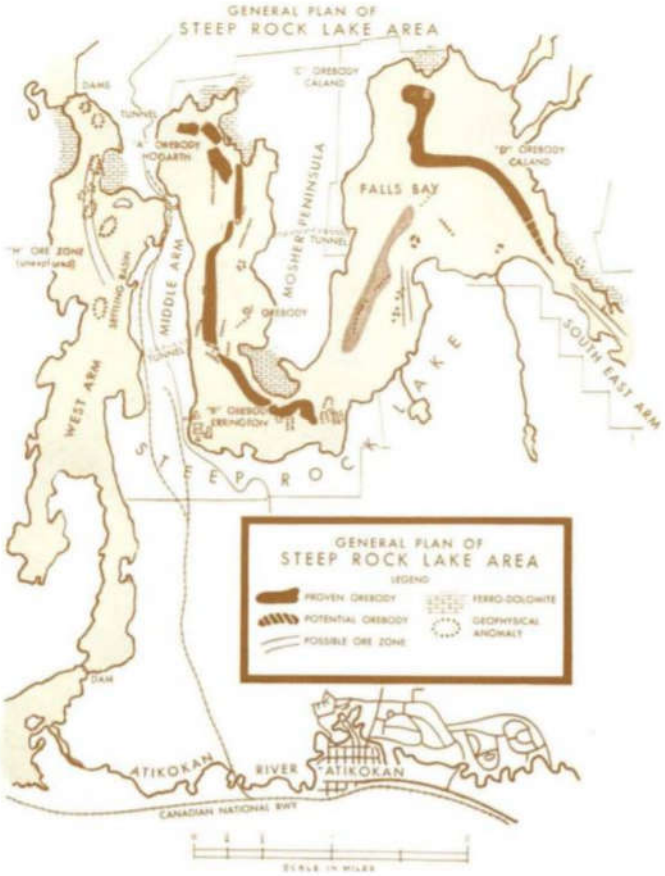
Working his way slowly along Steep Rock's shores, Cross cracked open rust-coloured boulders with his short-handled pick. He scanned the pieces for traces of iron, weighed them in his hand. With mounting excitement he staked claims on the lake shores.

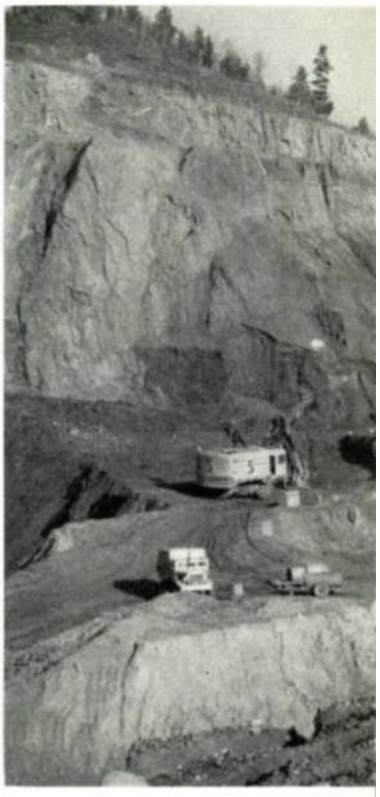
During the hard winter of 1931 he hauled in on a horse-drawn sled a dip needle and a crude, homemade, windlass-driven drill. Out on the frozen lake the dip needle dipped, indicating magnetic rock below. Cross drilled through the ice, frozen sludge and lake-bottom rock to take samples. At times the temperature dropped to 50 below zero. The casing pipe broke in his drill. He froze his ears. Once he spent two hours getting his horse's iron-shod feet free of the freezing slush. But his borings proved there was ore.

It seemed inaccessible, lying beneath the waters of a deep lake and 380 feet of glacial silt, slime and gravel. But Cross's faith held steadfast. "The iron ore is there," he wrote in his notes. And he added a prediction: "When the time comes, and there is a need for it, these riches will be uncovered."

The need was soon to come. In 1942 Washington was shocked by a report showing that the United States might not have enough high-grade iron ore to last through World War II. Eighty-five percent of the ore boats that tried to reach the United States from South America were being sunk by Nazi submarines. And after the war, with domestic

Mr Coffin is a free-lance magazine writer and broadcaster of Washington, D.C. Author of "Missouri Compromise" and "Your Washington," he also writes with enthusiasm of Canada and its future.





supplies of ore dwindling, it was estimated that steel production must more than double by 1975 if the United States was to keep prosperous.

More than a fifth of the ore now used in the United States is imported, coming from as far away as Venezuela and Liberia. But since such overseas imports may not be dependable in time of war, continental security demands that steel companies continue to get iron from the Lake Superior region, or other parts of North America. Steep Rock fits like an exact piece of a puzzle into this critical picture, for its vast reserves are located 140 miles by rail from the ore docks at the head of Lake Superior.

Jule Cross had to wait six years after his discovery for funds and backers. As he continued his prospecting, he found a large nickel deposit, which he sold in 1937 for $250,000. With these funds, he went to Joe Errington, president of Little Long Lac Gold Mines, a rugged fellow who had mined from the Yukon to Mexico, and said, "I'm betting this quarter of a million dollars on Steep Rock. Will you go in with me?" They shook hands on it.

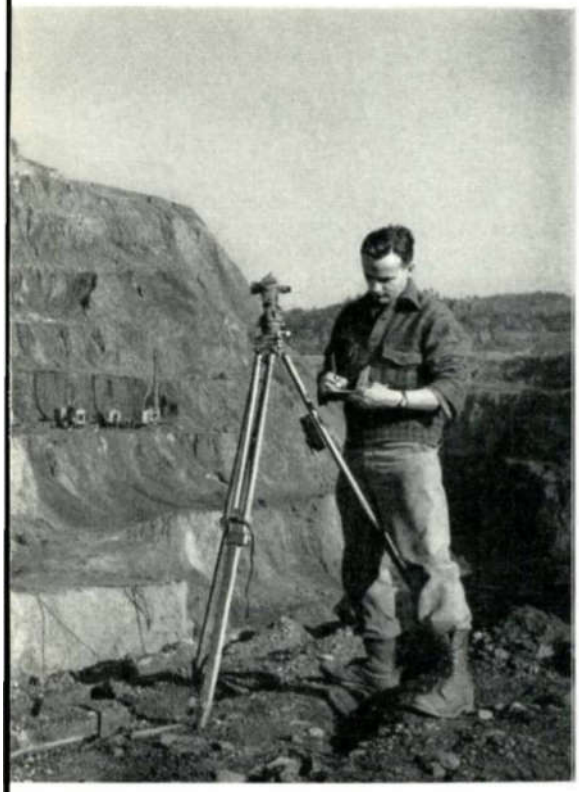
Errington, in turn, brought in another Canadian, Major General D. M. Hogarth, and the three partners chose a young gold-mining engineer, M. S. (Pop) Fotheringham, as manager. These four made an ideal team: Cross had an almost mystic faith, Errington and Hogarth a dynamic driving force, and Fotheringham a calm ability to take problems apart and find answers.

They began operations in 1938. Twenty-eight-year-old Fotheringham and his bride, both University of Toronto graduates, moved into a 12 by 14 prefab cabin at the lake. A drill crew took more samplings, and geologists studying them said, "Jule was right. There are millions of tons of rich ore under the lake."

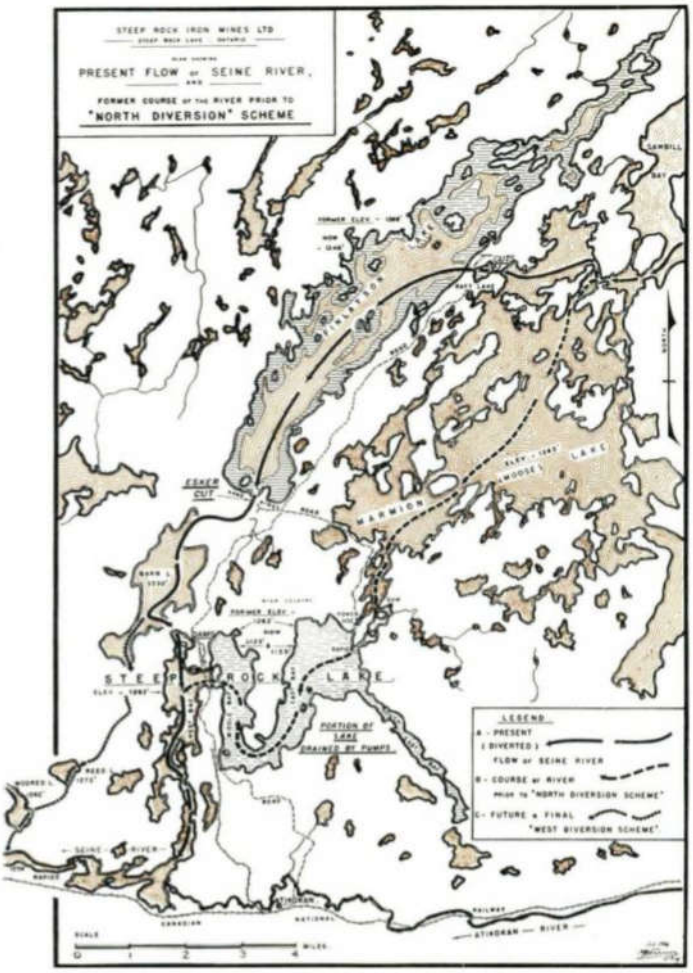
Geologists and engineers from steel companies and investment houses, however, demanded more proof. So a mining shaft was sunk from the bank to reach under the lake. Water leaked in and flooded the shaft—two years' work and a million dollars washed out. As far as outside capital was concerned, the Steep Rock venture looked to be ended.

It was then that Pop Fotheringham produced a plan which *The Northern Miner* calls "one of the great Canadian engineering triumphs of all time." He proposed to divert the Seine River, whose waters flowed into Steep Rock, drain two centre arms of the 15-mile-long lake, and scoop out ore from open pits in the dry lake bottom.

The breathtaking boldness of the plan can be seen from the map. The Seine River flowed first into Marmion Lake, which in turn emptied into Steep Rock Lake. Pop proposed to dam up Marmion Lake at its lower end, reverse its flow and empty its waters through a man-made channel into nearby Finlayson Lake, which in turn would be drained into the western arm of Steep Rock and on into its natural course.



In 1950 a company surveyor calculates the amounts of ore and rock removed from "B" orebody at month's end.



A map of 1950 showing how the waters of Marmion L. were diverted to drain through Finlayson L. into the Seine R., and most of Steep Rock L. pumped dry. The black shaded portions denote the drained areas.

"But we can't drain Marmion Lake into Finlayson—Finlayson is 33 feet higher," one of the partners pointed out.

"We'll have to drop the level of Finlayson 53 feet, I figure," Pop said.

He wanted to cut a tunnel through the hard rock under Finlayson and gradually, through a series of artificial channels, let the waters out—"like pulling the plug in a bathtub," he explained. The cost: at least ten million dollars.

Many consultants thought the scheme "absurd," and there seemed to be little chance of getting the necessary capital. In 1942, however, Maj.-General Hogarth appealed to Cyrus Eaton, the Canadian-born financial genius, founder of Republic Steel and onetime protegé of John D. Rockefeller, who financed the Mesabi a generation earlier. With the Mesabi range becoming depleted and German U-boats sinking ore boats on the high seas, Eaton saw that the time of need that Cross had predicted 11 years earlier was here. The silver haired industrialist went to Washington and in his scholarly voice said that Steep Rock could provide at least 100 million tons of the highest grade ore. He persuaded the U.S. Government to lend him ten million dollars. Then he raised $3,500,000 of private capital. (The total investment in Steep Rock was eventually more than 50 million dollars.)

Advised of this backing, Canadian National Railways put up a spur, rolling stock and an ore dock at the Lakehead. The Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission built a power plant and strung a transmission line 125 miles through the wilderness. Twenty-two miles of access roads, complete with bridges, were hacked out of the bush. Two million dollars' worth of equipment and building material for the camps was trucked from Atikokan to the lake, then towed by barge to the main camp north of Steep Rock. The workers—Indians, lumberjacks, trappers—raced against time, for the hard winter strikes early. By October, arctic winds are blowing across from the north country. The men put in 12 and more hours a day and fell asleep exhausted on their bunks.

Now, at the bottom of a hill a fifth of a mile from Finlayson, a gang began to blast and drill the tunnel that would drain the lake. It was a 10 by 12 foot hole that would penetrate 1200 feet of sheer rock. The tunnelers made 17 feet a day, hauling the broken rock out in mine cars.

In July 1943 the crucial moment arrived. The tunnelers had burrowed up under Finlayson Lake and were ready to fire the dynamite that would clear the last ten feet. By late morning the brow of the hill across the lake was crowded with 1000 anxious spectators—workers, Indians,

trappers, government officials from Washington and Ottawa who feared they might be caught in what scoffers called "Eaton's folly." Some engineers had publicly derided the whole project. They predicted that the final blast would clog up the hole with boulders and debris.

Jule Cross, Eaton, Hogarth and Pop, calm as ever, stood together. (Errington had died the previous year.) Shortly after 11 o'clock the time fuse was planted, and spectators saw the tunnelers come pouring out of the opening. Then at noon a siren shrieked into the hushed wilderness. After minutes of silence, a great dull roar filled the air. The water of Finlayson Lake near the south end bubbled up into domes as high as 30 feet. A violent burst of air and white vapor ripped out of the tunnel mouth, scattering bits of powder and paper.

For what seemed an eternity—actually only 20 seconds—an uneasy quiet prevailed. Then there was the sound of gushing water. Someone shouted, "Here she comes! Look out, boys!" Miners near the tunnel mouth scrambled away. Ninety seconds later the waters of Finlayson Lake, choked with froth and mud and gravel, raged out at 40 miles an hour. Boulders shot out like cannon balls.

For a few minutes the crowd watched hesitantly. Many feared boulders still might dam up the tunnel. But the torrent rushed through safely and into a series of new cuts. A cheer rose from the crowd. Finlayson could be lowered.

While the tunnelers were working, other huge engineering projects had been under way. A series of ten dams had been erected, channels cut, and Marmion Lake was now emptying into Finlayson. The next step was to drain the two middle arms of Steep Rock Lake and draw out the 380 feet of glacial sediment that overlaid the rich ore beds. This was a bigger task than dredging the Panama Canal. Fourteen giant electric pumps, installed on seven barges in the lake, lowered the water level six inches a day. Then 90 million cubic yards of muck, clay and gravel were removed. Day and night for 18 months the rush of water and rattle of gravel sounded through the huge drainage pipes. The summer was plagued with hordes of black flies, the winter by bitter cold. The men worked and lived under primitive conditions. Yet a contagious spirit was noticed by visitors.

A geologist from the United States tells of watching the dredging at 40 below zero in the pit. A towering French Canadian from Gaspé was directing a stream of water under pressure on the silt. A huge pile was disintegrating under his attack. He was almost obscured by fog and smoke. His clothing was coated with frozen slime.

The visitor said, "Why, you're doing the work of a steam shovel."

The big *Canadien* straightened up in his oilers and said proudly, "Yes, and six trucks, too."

By the spring of 1945 ore with more than 60 percent iron content, the richest in North America, began rolling down to Lake Superior. By 1960, the annual tonnage is expected to hit ten million.

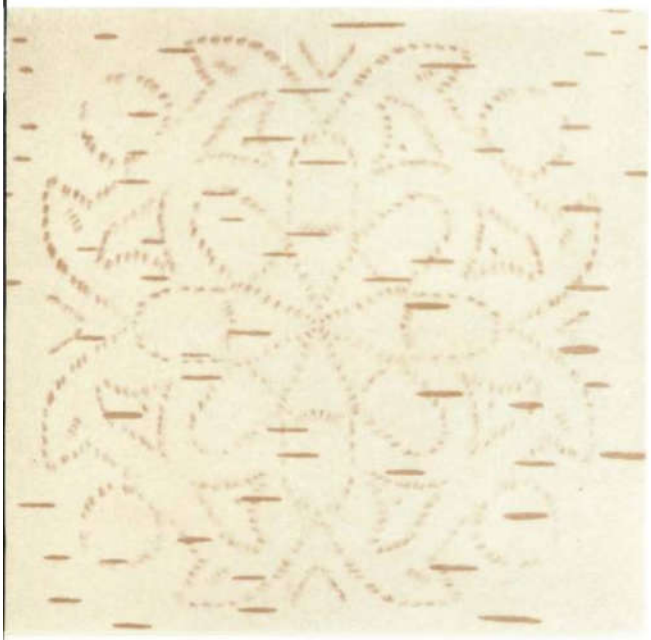
Steep Rock Iron Mine is today a great rusty canyon in the wilderness of Western Ontario. Coming upon it from the air is a startling experience. Suddenly, in the vastness of clear-water lakes and rivers and patches of dense green forest, you see a huge orange crater. On its floor mechanical shovels fill trucks which, like little bugs, crawl up a pattern of tortuous and dusty roads. Man's hand is evident, too, on the lake's east arm. There, Caland Ore Co., Ltd., the Canadian subsidiary of Inland Steel, has a 50-million-dollar development program under way. Caland is drying up its portion of the lake and sucking out the slime, and will deliver iron ore to the hungry blast furnaces by 1960.

Atikokan has turned into a boom town. Red dust—"pay dirt"—covers every window sill. Mingling here are sons and grandsons of the Cornish miners who came to Canada in the Yukon gold rush of the '90s, Gaspé French-Canadians, Americans with the twang of the Midwest, Scottish-Canadians, Italians, refugee Ukrainians. A trim modern community, Atikokan's new roofs of red and green and white stare into the northern sky. Cars move about the streets, linked by dirt road to the Lakehead.

To the United States, Steep Rock means insurance against iron hunger in the decades ahead. To Canada, Steep Rock is a brilliant augury. It has been predicted that, with iron and oil, Canada has the resources to expand more rapidly than any other nation in history, from Rome to the United States. What this means to the little group of pioneers who stuck with Steep Rock from the beginning was expressed by Pop Fotheringham, now the company president. He wrote a friend, "Directly and indirectly, thousands of new jobs are provided, happy homes in a new community are created, and a sustained flow of millions of dollars annually is added to the North American economy. Iron is important only as it provides benefits to people."

A short time ago there was a simple ceremony at Steep Rock. The first shipment of ore from the Errington mine, an underground shaft, was loaded. Pop Fotheringham watched as two old-timers, Henry Unrau and Pete Wiebe, planted a spruce tree in the ore car for good luck, an old mining custom. Jule Cross, a big, aging man, stood on a truck and spoke briefly to the small crowd. "If you have faith and knowledge," he said, "you can do almost anything." ◆

Mr. Moody has been prospecting and trading at Amisk Lake since 1923. He was co-discoverer of the remains of the fort built by Alex. Henry and Joseph Frobisher on that lake in 1775.



BIRCH BARK BITING

A little known craft of the woodland Indians flourishes in northern Saskatchewan

by Harry Moody

IN the early spring of 1950, Antoine Custer and his wife, Susan, Cree Indians, came to my trading post at Beaver Lake, Saskatchewan, to arrange for a grubstake for the spring rat hunt. Against the wall near the heater, there was a small pile of birch wood, where Susan sat while Antoine arranged with me. Our business being ended, Antoine walked over to Susan, who spoke to him in Cree. They were customers of many years, so I strolled from behind the counter, to have a cigarette with them, as was our custom with old friends.

As I drew near them Antoine turned saying, "Susan made this for you," and handed me what appeared to be a piece of birch bark folded in a triangle. I asked him what it was and he said, "Susan just chewed it for you. Open it and see." I opened it very carefully, and there was a design picked out with small perforations, resembling a very delicate snowflake pattern.

I immediately asked her to do another one, watching very closely. She tried several pieces of birch bark before she selected a suitable piece. She then carefully separated the layers of bark till she found a piece without any imperfections or hard spots, even holding it up to the light to detect any double parts.

The piece of bark was about two and one-half inches square. She folded it in half to form an oblong, then folded it in half again to form a square and finally folded it from corner to corner to form a triangle. Then, she put the point of the triangle between her teeth and commenced biting very fast on the folded bark as she moved it with her hand. Every now and then she would pause and

appear to be thinking, and she would then change the position of the bark, so she would be biting in a different place. She used both the side and front teeth and bit very sharply and very rapidly.

She then unfolded the bark, and smoothing it out, held it up to see before she handed it to me. There it was—a very fine intricate design, bitten, not chewed, and all done before my eyes. It was also done with dry bark, which is not good.

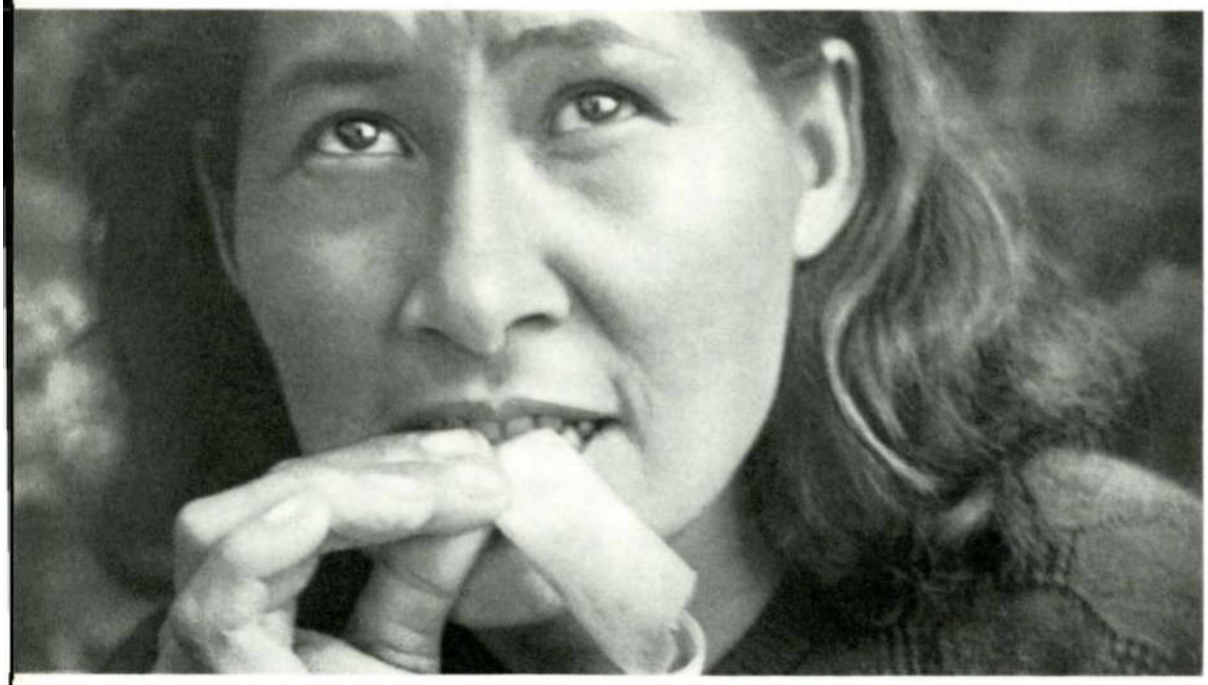
When the trappers returned from the rat hunt, my wife and I enquired among the women to see if any of the others knew the art, as my wife thought it could be commercialized, for their own benefit. Mrs. Roderick Ballentyne and her daughter Angelique (Mrs. William Merasty) were both very good at it, we discovered. Mrs. Ballentyne, by regulating the strength of the bite, produced a sort of shaded effect which added much to the symmetry and beauty of the design.

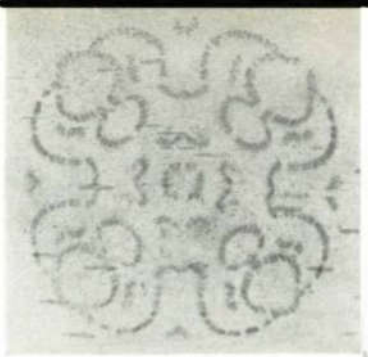
In 1955 a young married woman, Sarah Ballentyne, came down from Pelican Narrows and brought me some bitten designs in a variety of fine patterns. I had a long talk with Sarah and her husband as to whether or not she visualized the pattern she was going to bite, before she started. They convinced me that she did. I then asked her if she had ever bitten a picture and when she said no, suggested she go back to her camp and bite a picture of things she knew, such as a tree, a cabin, a canoe, or a moose.

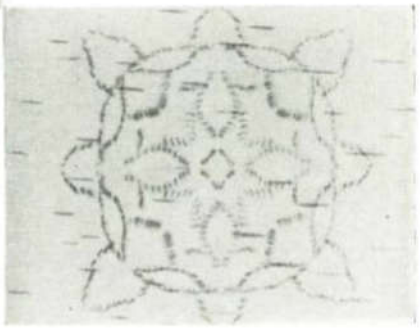
She came back the next day, and there bitten in birch bark, was a moose, true in form and in sense of action. The canoe was complete with outboard motor and a man lifting a fish from the water. The cabin had smoke curling out of the chimney and the trees had long grass around the roots.

I immediately asked her to sit down and bite me another picture of a moose. She selected two pieces of bark and placed them together, but did not fold them. She thought some minutes while she held the bark in both hands, placing the tips of her fingers in different positions. Finally, she decided where to hold it, and she then bit with her teeth along the line of her finger nails. Once she started,

Angelique Merasty traces in her mind's eye the pattern that she is biting.







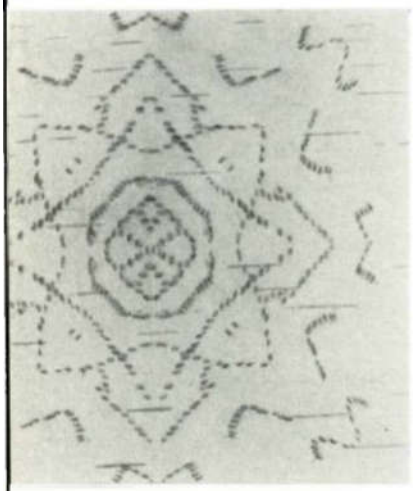
Mrs. Merasty examines a piece of bark for defects.

she had to keep the two sheets together, and follow the design with her fingers to direct her teeth where to bite. Unlike Susan, she did not smile as she bit, but seemed to be concentrating on what she was doing. Her big brown eyes looked solemn and her whole mind was set on getting those bites in the right place. She had to move her hands many times and she then smoothed it out and shyly handed me both copies of that moose.

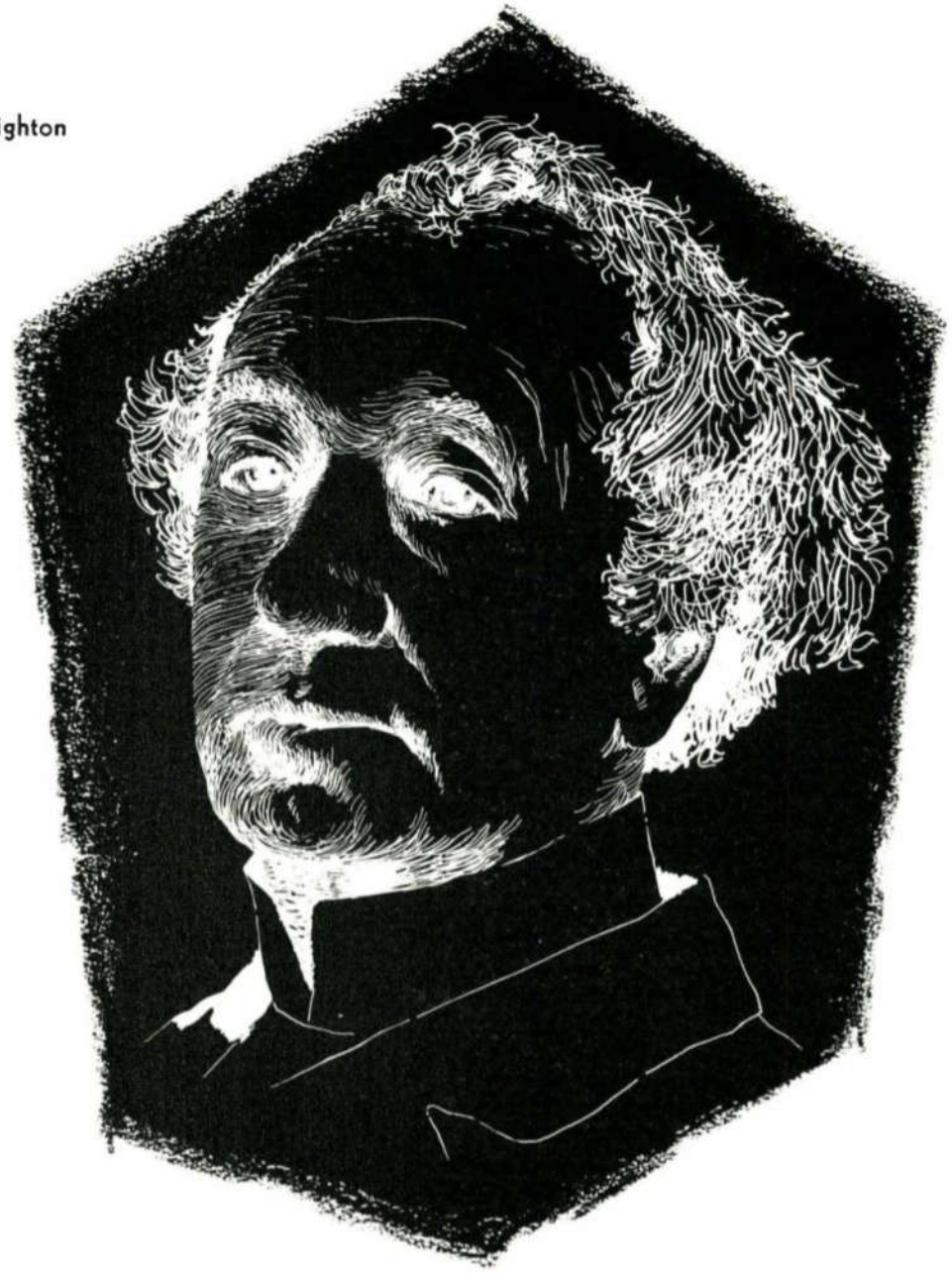
Talking with the older Indians about this unusual craft I gathered that biting designs in birch bark was their way of making patterns for silk or bead work, as a decoration for their men's clothing.

That this is done by Indians in other parts of North America is evident from Frank G. Speck's remarks on the art processes of the River Desert Algonquin in Maine (Smithsonian Institution Anthropological Papers No. 17):

"The resort to the use of bitten patterns for the production of suggestions of design outlines to be transferred to the sides of bark containers, a practice so characteristic among the Montagnais, is one, however, not entirely overlooked by artists among the Algonquin. Madeline Cesar (River Desert Algonquin) utilizes the bitten patterns usually for silk, yarn, or beadwork, by basting the bitten figures after they have been trimmed out upon the surface to be decorated and stitching the beads or coloured thread atop the pattern. . . . Here among the River Desert people they are cut out with scissors and laid as patterns upon surfaces to be ornamented with beads or silk embroidery. Only rarely, we are told, are they employed as patterns for birch bark decoration when found suitable in the eyes of their creators." ◆



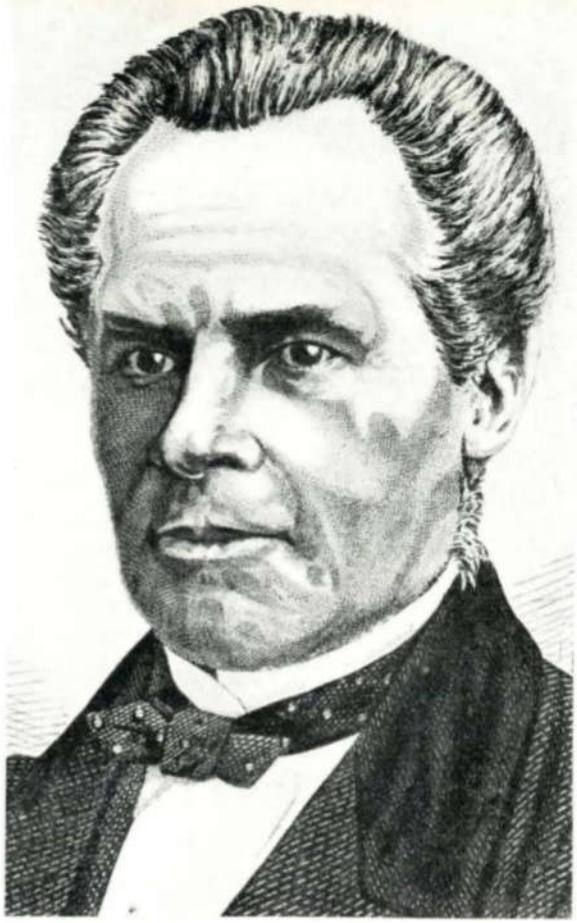
by Donald Creighton



MACDONALD AND MANITOBA

The Prime Minister's approach to the task of taking over the huge Hudson's Bay Company territories for Canada was cautious and considerate, and the first provisional government of Red River was not Louis Riel's, but John A. Macdonald's.

Prof. Creighton is chairman of the Department of History at the University of Toronto. The two volumes of his biography of Macdonald were published in 1952 and 1955.



Hon. Georges Etienne Cartier, who with McDougall carried on negotiations with the H B C for the transfer of Rupert's Land to the new Dominion. From the "Canadian Illustrated News" of 1870.

MACDONALD approached the next, more decisive phase of western expansion with all his usual caution. He had taken a long time to consent to the incorporation of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory in a Canadian union; and he was to be almost equally deliberate in carrying out the policy which he had accepted in principle at London in the spring of 1865. The task which faced Canada was a huge and terrifying one; and the Canadian government had agreed to undertake it only with marked reluctance and under considerable pressure from Edward Cardwell and the other imperial ministers. The agreement of 1865 was, in fact, virtually a reversal of the stand which Canada had taken in the past. Canadian ministers had for years repeatedly insisted that the Hudson's Bay Company's charter was invalid, that it could easily be proved to be so—at somebody else's expense—and that in the meantime the company deserved, and would get, not one copper of compensation.

These boldly confident assertions were now tacitly disavowed. The Canadian government virtually admitted that the Hudson's Bay Company possibly had legal rights and that compensation might even have to be paid for them. This reversal, of course, brought some embarrassment and loss of face to the Canadian ministers, and, in particular, to George Brown, whose newspaper, the *Globe*, had always hotly denounced the idea of compensation in the past. But the Canadian ministers swallowed their pride. And they grudgingly agreed to open negotiations with the Hudson's Bay Company.

For the next few years, Macdonald had very little time for the north-west. His energies, up until 1867, were entirely devoted to the task of completing the union of the four original provinces; and immediately after Confederation he was plunged at once into the protracted and delicate business of winning over Joseph Howe and pacifying the anti-Confederate movement in Nova Scotia. The East, for the time, was the troubled source of his most urgent problems. He was worried and preoccupied with eastern difficulties. But he did not entirely forget the West. And in fact his opinion respecting the incorporation of Rupert's Land in Canadian territory had undergone a fairly marked change since the winter of 1865. The passage of time and the mounting pressure of circumstances had convinced him that Canada must take action very quickly now. British rule in Rupert's Land and the Territories was obviously growing more vulnerable and precarious all the time; and the purchase of Alaska in 1867 by the United States was only one obvious indication of the republic's covetous interest in the fate of the north-western quarter of the continent. "The Hudson's Bay question must soon be settled," Macdonald wrote to a correspondent in October, before the first Parliament of Canada opened. "The rapid march of events and the increase of population on this continent, will compel England and Canada to come to some arrangement respecting that immense country."

In November, the next stage of the proceedings—the huckstering stage—began. The Canadian Parliament met for its first session; and William McDougall, the radical Grit of other days who, with George Brown, had been one of the two most ardent advocates of western expansion, sponsored an address to the Queen requesting the immediate transfer of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory to Canada.

In this somewhat presumptuous appeal, the whole question of the Hudson's Bay Company's rights and of their equitable compensation was postponed for settlement in Canada, after the transfer of the territory had been carried out. Obviously this was a last bare-faced attempt on the part of Canada to ignore the Company's title and to reduce its claims to the vanishing point; and some months later, in the spring of 1868, the company made an appropriately lofty and confident rejoinder by setting its price for the

surrender of its territories at one million pounds. Both sides, in fact, were behaving in the accustomed fashion of diplomatists entering upon a negotiation. They were setting their original terms very high in the confident expectation of having to reduce them. And Great Britain, an honest but by now a somewhat impatient broker, brought these preliminaries abruptly to a close.

She informed Canada that the Hudson's Bay Company's claims were valid and would have to be compensated. She told the Hudson's Bay Company that its terms were quite unreasonable and could not be accepted. Both sides recognized that the first phase of the proceedings was now over and that they must consider the necessary compromises. And in the autumn of 1868 Canada decided to send a delegation to England to continue the negotiations.

Reluctantly Macdonald came to the conclusion that he could not be one of the delegates. His presence at such a vitally important conference was admittedly highly desirable; and Lord Monck, the Governor-General, who had presided over the whole achievement of Confederation and was now about to retire to England, wrote to him strongly urging that he should go to London at the head of the delegation. But Macdonald decided that his place was in Canada. There were many important matters which he could not easily leave to others. And, above all, he must stay and complete the winning of Howe and the pacification of Nova Scotia. This, at the moment, was the supreme necessity, and he yielded to it. But, at the same time, he regarded the mission to England as a most important affair.

He showed a good deal of concern over the selection of the delegates. It was to be a fairly large delegation and truly national in its composition. William McDougall, the Minister of Public Works, who would naturally have much to do with western expansion, was an obvious member; and he was to be accompanied by Alexander Campbell, the Postmaster General, and by Georges Etienne Cartier, the senior representative of French Canada and the second most important minister in the cabinet. When, moreover, Alexander Campbell finally declined to go, Macdonald openly showed his extreme annoyance with his colleague.

In October, Cartier and McDougall departed for London and began negotiations with the Hudson's Bay Company. They bargained stiffly. But the hardness of their bargaining would not probably have been very effective if it had not been for the vigorous support they received from the imperial government. The imperial government was, in fact, continuing its highly successful game of playing off both ends against the middle. It had long ago decided, for a variety of good and substantial reasons, that the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company in the north-west must be ended. Some more solid and secure governmental organization would have to replace the company as the guardian of Rupert's Land. What was it to be? Obviously there were only two possible solutions. Either Great Britain would have to found crown colonies in the west, or the territory would have to be incorporated in the new Dominion of Canada.

For Great Britain the first of these alternatives had become completely unacceptable. The trouble and expense of new crown colonies was to be avoided at all costs; England wanted to reduce, rather than increase, her commitments in North America. And therefore Canada, the destined residuary legatee of imperial holdings on this continent, must become the new guardian of British interests in the north-west. Canada would have to accept her destiny; and Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company would have to come to a reasonable agreement for the transfer of the territory.

Obviously this was going to be difficult, however, for the two parties to the prospective transaction were on the worst possible terms; and to put them in a proper mood for negotiation, pressure would probably have to be applied. Canada must drop all its absurd nonsense about the company's title; and the Company would have to consent to reasonable terms. Pressure had already been applied to Canada to gain the first of these objects; it was now applied to the Hudson's Bay Company to achieve the second. And, as a result, in the spring of 1869, Cartier and McDougall were enabled to make an agreement which gave Canada the north-west at a good price, if not exactly a bargain figure.

Macdonald was no doubt pleased with this outcome. As far as Canadian politics were concerned, he had much cause for satisfaction in the spring of 1869. There was a hope of Prince Edward Island's entrance into Confederation; a delegation from Newfoundland had recently arrived in Ottawa to discuss terms of union. And now there suddenly appeared the splendid prospect of the acquisition of the north-west! He could hold out a great western future for Canada. And, from a political point of view, the bargain with the Hudson's Bay Company was eminently defensible.

Yet, though Macdonald was not yet really aware of the fact, it had been made at a price. The Company, which had been subjected to so much heavy government persuasion, was not a satisfied vendor. The officers and shareholders in London would probably cherish resentment; and the feelings of the company's Commissioned Gentlemen out in Rupert's Land would almost certainly rankle more seriously. Twice now, in less than a decade, these officers had seen the company sold over their heads and with no

A somewhat imaginative portrait of the Metis leader from the "Canadian Illustrated News." The artist appears to have been as vague about western costume as he was about percussion-lock guns.

LOUIS RIEL.

apparent consideration for their interests.* They might possibly want to visit their displeasure upon somebody; and if they did, it was Canada rather than Great Britain that they could hurt.

Macdonald did not suspect this. But he knew, at any rate, that he must advance very cautiously into Canada's new western domain. And when, early in June 1869, he got up to present the government's proposals for the administration of its new territories, it was a very tentative provisional measure that he had to introduce. The bill was called a bill for the "temporary government of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories." Significant title! The first "provisional government" of Red River was not Louis Riel's. It was John A. Macdonald's! And everything about the measure was in keeping with its admittedly transitory character.

The Governor-General in council was to be empowered to appoint a lieutenant-governor for the territory, and the lieutenant-governor in turn was to be authorized to appoint a council of not more than fifteen and not less than seven persons to assist him in his administration. The laws existing in Rupert's Land, if they were not inconsistent with the British North America Act or the terms of the transfer, were to remain in force. And, finally, the new constitution was to last only for a year, until the end of the next session, when it would be replaced by something more permanent.

Macdonald's first task was to appoint a lieutenant-governor for the new territory. He had not a great deal of choice. It was a foregone conclusion that he would select a resident, prominent politically, of one of the four original provinces of the Dominion. The idea of choosing an important Hudson's Bay Company servant, such as the then Governor, William Mactavish, probably never occurred to him. It would, of course, have been a singularly unfortunate choice, for Mactavish was seriously ill during the crisis of 1869-1870 and utterly incapable of controlling events. If he thought of him, Macdonald must have quickly rejected the notion. A Hudson's Bay Company man would have been very unacceptable to Canada. And the Canadian government, having reluctantly assumed large obligations in the west and paid for the privilege of doing so, very naturally took it for granted that power went along with responsibility.

A Canadian was inevitable as the first lieutenant-governor. And was not William McDougall the obvious choice? He had long been an enthusiast for western expansion; he had been one of the two envoys who negotiated the transfer of the territory; and his department had most to do with north-western affairs. Besides, he was a Liberal; and Macdonald was never permitted to forget the fact that his government was a coalition and that his Reform colleagues must have their share of places and preferments.

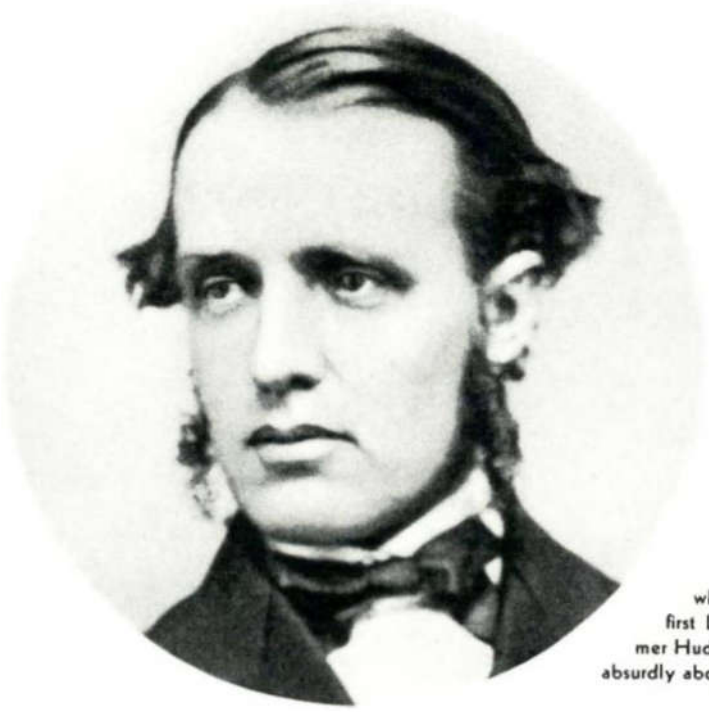
But the appointment of McDougall did not for a moment imply that Macdonald regarded Red River as an administrative monopoly of Canadians, still less of Ontarians. He had no intention of beginning a political or social revolution in the north-west. The Canadian government sought and obtained permission from the Hudson's Bay Company to begin only two enterprises in its territories before the date of their transfer. The first of these was the road from Fort Garry to the Lake of the Woods, which was proposed in part as a relief measure; the second was the survey which was designed simply to lay down the essential meridian and base-lines for the whole north-west and was never intended to alter a single inch of the *métis* properties on the Red River. These undertakings were subsequently bedevilled, in part by the offensive maladroitness of some of the Canadian agents and in part by the deliberate malice of a few of the residents of Red River.

Macdonald was indirectly responsible for only a part of these calamities. He assumed without question that existing property rights would be protected. He had provided, in the statute establishing the "provisional government," that all the laws of the region would remain in force and all the administrative authorities would continue in office. "We are in a happy state of ignorance as to the system of government that obtains there under the régime of the Hudson's Bay Company," he wrote to Colonel Gray of Prince Edward Island, "and until McDougall has time to look about him and report, we desire to make no appointments lest they might jar with the prejudices and feelings of the people of Red River."

This, of course, is the explanation of the fact that McDougall's departure for the west took place before the date of the transfer. His mission was not a rashly premature assertion of Canadian authority; on the contrary, it was conceived as a sensible and considerate attempt to remedy Canadian ignorance. "McDougall has gone up in advance of his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor," Macdonald wrote to Archibald, "to make inquiries for himself and to report generally as to the state of the country. We shall await that report before making any appointments. The Toronto *Globe*, with its usual anxiety to do mischief, has been representing that we are going to send a parcel of Canadians from the Dominion to hold all the offices to the exclusion of the residents."

It was a very small parcel of Canadians who went up to the north-west and its members were by no means all Ontarians. McDougall had been preceded by Joseph Howe, a Nova Scotian who had had no part whatever in the expansionist campaign of Canada West; and he was accom-

*See "Fur Trade Party," by G. F. G. Stanley, *Beaver* Sept. and Dec. 1973



Hon. William McDougall, whose attempt to become the first Lieut.-Governor of the former Hudson's Bay territories proved absurdly abortive. Public Archives

panied by J. A. N. Provencher, the nephew of the old bishop of St. Boniface. "We do not intend making any formal appointments until the day of the transfer of the country to the Dominion . . . ," Macdonald explained to Tupper. "We shall therefore come out with a *Gazette* appointing a certain number of residents to the Council at the same time that we fill up the various offices."

His approach to Red River had been cautious and considerate. And, once the resistance of the *mêtis* had declared itself, his first instinct was to be conciliatory. He was ready and eager to make the tactical concessions by which his great strategic design could be saved. The people at Red River were not the real enemies. The real enemies were the annexationist Americans, who had a few influential representatives in the councils of the insurgents at Fort Garry, and who were powerful in St. Paul, throughout the north-west, and even in Washington. The real peril was not trouble in British North America, but annexation to the United States. And the rising at Red River was important, not so much for itself, as for the opportunity it gave to the annexationist forces in the republic to interfere in the north-west, to promote anarchy and division, and to use the quarrels of their neighbours in order to ensure their own territorial aggrandizement.

"It is quite evident to me," Macdonald wrote to C. J. Brydges, the general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, who had been giving him an account of a talk he had had with an American Governor, "not only from this conversation, but from advices from Washington, that the United States government are resolved to do all they can, short of war, to get possession of the western territory and we must take immediate and vigorous steps to counteract them."

His great design was the transcontinental expansion of British North America. It was a vast, ambitious enterprise which could be accomplished only through the union of the two major groups in the country and with the diplomatic and military assistance of Great Britain. These were the great necessities, and everything else must yield to them in the end. It was for this reason that Macdonald negotiated with the insurgents at Red River and agreed to a settlement which had the approval of Cartier and his French-speaking followers. It was, for this reason, that he refused to accept the transfer of Rupert's Land on the appointed date and thus flung responsibility back in the laps of the Company and the imperial government.

Great Britain had insisted that Canada become her residuary legatee on the North American continent. But the inheritance would be worse than useless, if Canada were obliged to fight for it, and alone. Great Britain could not be permitted to stand idly by at this crisis. She must contribute at least a small contingent to the military expedition which Macdonald and Cartier had agreed must be sent to Red River in order to maintain the place that had already been made. The military expedition was the final important feature of Macdonald's policy; and it was designed to prove to the world in general, and the United States in particular, that both the United Kingdom and a united Canada were backing the transcontinental expansion of the Dominion. ◆

SONGS OF THE INSU

Editorial Note: *In the preceding article, Prof. Creighton has outlined the chief misunderstandings which led to the Red River Insurrection of 1869-70—the survey of the métis properties, and the despatch of Hon. Wm. McDougall as the future lieutenant-governor of the new territory. As the reasons for these measures had not been explained to the people of Red River, they were naturally indignant at what seemed to them high-handed methods on the part of the Canadian Government. Mrs. MacLeod here tells the story of what followed, and gives the settings for two Red River songs —one French and one Scottish—which were born of the insurrection.*

THE resentment against the surveying of the *métis* properties reached a climax on October 11, 1869, when lines were laid on André Nault's land a few miles south of the Forks of the Red and Assiniboine. Alarmed, Nault ran down to his boat on the Red River, and crossed to the home of his young cousin Louis Riel for advice. Riel had recently returned after spending some years at the College of Montreal. He was educated—he would know what to do. Jumping into the boat with Nault, Riel returned with him to the spot where the surveyors were at work. He promptly put his foot on the surveyor's chain and demanded that work should stop, saying that

RRECTION

by Margaret Arnett MacLeod

Illustrations from the "Canadian Illustrated News"

they had no right on the land. This proved effective, and the surveyors departed.

This happening is worth noting as it marked the moment when Louis Riel became the virtual leader of the *Métis*.

On top of this supposed outrage came the news that without consulting Red River the Canadian government was sending up William McDougall, formerly minister of public works at Ottawa, in readiness to assume the lieutenant-governorship of the new territory. A careless remark made by McDougall upon his appointment, referring to himself as practically the "king" of the country, filtered through to the settlement. It was a fighting word to the *Métis*. This king and his court (prospective members for his council who were in his party) should not set foot on their soil! In the middle of October word came that he was already approaching their borders.

Riel immediately went into action. On October 22nd he ordered a barrier to be placed across the road at St. Norbert to stop all incoming travellers and to search their carts. He sent a letter to await McDougall at the border forbidding him to enter the country. McDougall arrived there on October 30th and remained on the American side waiting for December 1st, when he expected to assume his governorship.

In the meantime *métis* plans went forward. On November 2nd Riel and his men seized Upper Fort Garry and set about forming a provisional government.

McDougall himself made no attempt to enter the settlement, but two members of his party with their attendants went forward to the barrier. There one of them, Captain Cameron, a brash young English officer, was reported to have ordered the *Métis* to "take down that blasted fence," and he tried to ride through. But faced by the formidable and well-armed *Métis*, the party provoked no incident and turned back.

McDougall fumed at the border until December 1st waiting for instructions from Ottawa which did not come. He then made an attempt to assume the governorship by crossing the border and reading out a proclamation of his own to the empty prairie—a strange proceeding which finished his career in the North-West.

So there was no need to fight at the barrier, but the blockading of the road against McDougall was the beginning of the insurrection.

Pierre Falcon of Grantown, the Bard of the Prairies, was greatly stirred when his comrades took to arms. He was now a frail old man and a respected magistrate of his community*, but his fiery and rebellious spirit was unquenched. Though he had progressed as a farmer until he was usually second only to his brother-in-law, Cuthbert Grant, in the acreage he had under crop, he had continued eager for the twice-yearly buffalo hunt. Tassé, the Quebec historian, says he was keen to join his comrades at the barrier. But he was not allowed to go. Fretting at home, he wrote the accompanying song about the absurdity of "King" William McDougall's position below the border.

From November 2, 1869, when Riel seized Upper Fort Garry, the uneasiness of the English-speaking population had been steadily increasing. An incident which occurred early in December added to their alarm. A little distance from the fort about fifty men were guarding Canadian Government stores in a building belonging to Dr. John C. Schultz, leader among the Canadians, and later lieutenant-governor of Manitoba. He and his wife were with the party. Riel brought out a fort gun, trained it against the building, and besieged it for three days. Schultz and his men were poorly equipped and now they were unable to obtain fuel or water. They knew they could not hold out for long. Therefore, upon Riel's promise that after a parley in Fort Garry they would be allowed to return to their homes, they surrendered. Riel's promise was not kept; instead, on December 7th, they were imprisoned.

As time went on and the prisoners were not freed, indignation in the settlement grew and there was talk of storming Fort Garry to release them. At Lower Fort Garry, 18 miles down the Red River, people from the surrounding country were being drilled daily, so it would be easy to mobilize a force there.

On the night of January 23rd, by the aid of his young wife, who had smuggled a knife to him concealed in a loaf of bread, Dr. Schultz escaped. Riel was infuriated and threatened to shoot him on sight. However, Schultz

*J. J. Hargrave's assertion in his *Red River* (1869) that Falcon "neither reads nor writes" was discussed briefly in the *Beaver* of a year ago (p. 23). The basis for this statement was presumably a form of enlistment in the mounted constabulary, dated at Fort Garry, Feb. 14, 1835, and signed "Pierre Falcon—his mark." Members of the Falcon family support the view that the man who signed this document was the second son of the singer, who had been born on the prairies about 1815, and had had no opportunity for a proper education.

LES TRIBULATIONS D'UN ROI MALHEUREUX

par Pierre Falcon

(as taken down from the composer's grandchildren by Henry Caron)

1. Est-il rien sur la terre
De plus intéressant
Que la tragique histoire
De McDoug' et ses gens?
Je vous la conterai;
Veuillez bien m'écouter.

2. Sur notre territoire,
Devenu ses Etats,
Il venait ce bon père.
Régner en potentat,
Ainsi l'avait réglé
Le Ministre Cartier.

3. Le coeur gros d'espérance
Partant du Canada
Il dit: "J'ai confiance
Qu'on vivra bien là-bas.
Ah! quel bonheur! ma foi!
Je suis donc enfin Roi!"

4. Comptant sur les richesses
Qu'il trouverait chez nous,
Il eut la maladresse
De ne pas prendre un sou,
Même pour traverser
Un pays etranger.

5. Il parait que l'orage,
Dans son gouvernement,
Durant tout le voyage,
Eclata fort souvent,
L'union qui rend plus fort
Etait loin de ce corps.

6. Mais, malgré la tempête
Cameron à son bord
Voulait décrire la fête
Qui l'attendait à port;
Et la voir imprimée
Avant qu'elle fût passée.

7. Ce ministre fidèle
Etant loin de prévoir
Qu'elle ne serait pas telle
Qu'il avait cru la voir—
Funeste illusion!
Quelle déception!

8. Déjà de son royaume
Le sol il va toucher,
Quand tout à coup un homme
Lui defend d'avancer,
Lui disant "Mon ami
C'est assez loin ici."

9. Etonné de l'audace
De ces hardis mortels,
Il emploie les menaces
Pour vaincre ces rebelles;
Mais cela fut en vain,
Il ne put gagner rien.

10. Obligé de reprendre
La voie du Canada
Il lui faudra attendre
De l'argent pour cela;
Car, pour manger ici
Il prend tout à crédit.

11. Aujourd'hui sa couronne
Est un songe passé;
Le trône qu'on lui donne
C'est un trône percé
Mais il dit qu'à present
Il est bien suffisant.

12. Aujourd'hui que va dire
Monsieur le Gouvernement?
Sera-t-il noir de rire
Quand il verra ses plans
Déjà tous culbutés
Pas les Bois-Brûlés?

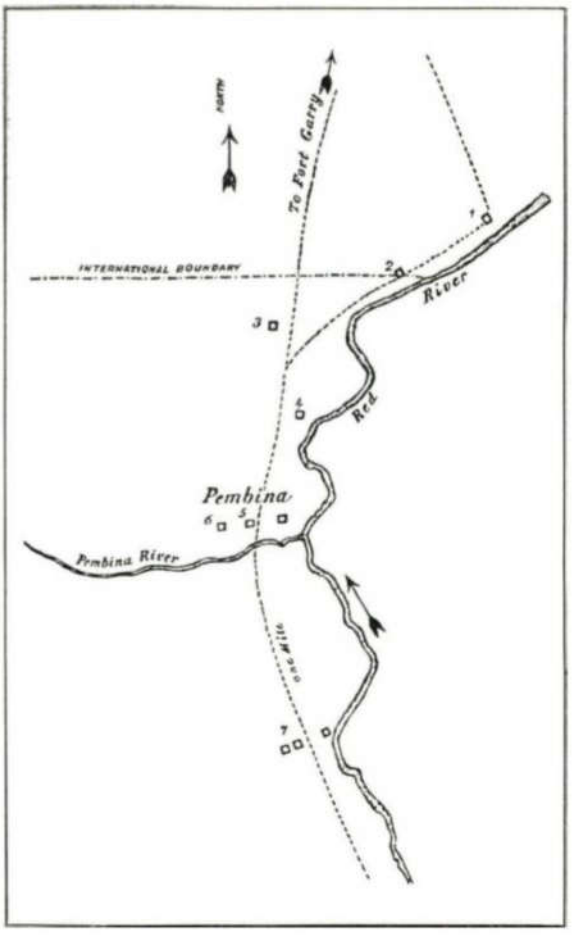
managed to evade search parties and reach the Lower Fort. The march to free the prisoners was immediately organized. Dr. Schultz was to accompany the marchers as far as Kildonan where his wife would meet him. The gathering place for the band was to be at St. Andrews, a few miles south of the Lower Fort.

Upon learning of this, Riel promptly brought into the fort between 500 and 600 armed Métis to reinforce his garrison, and waited.

On February 15, 1870, the St. Andrews party of above 200 men started off. It was a bitter blustery night. Down the bank they went to the winter road—the frozen river. And as they marched they sang a song composed by Alexander Hunter Murray, a retired Hudson's Bay officer from Argyllshire, who had settled down the river. It consisted of two verses only, sung to the tune of the traditional Scottish air, "Johnny Cope"; but Mr. Murray later lengthened it considerably to suit another occasion.

When the St. Andrews and Portage parties reached Kildonan during the night, Rev. John Black put Kildonan church, his manse and the schoolhouse at their disposal, and fed them, since they carried no food. He strongly opposed this march on Fort Garry, fearing dire consequences to the English population if the marchers should start the shedding of blood. Instead, he counselled a parley with Riel.

Today, Mrs. Harriet Graham can tell of scenes after the marchers arrived at Kildonan—scenes which she witnessed but was too young to understand. They are clear vivid pictures that were indelibly etched on her seven-year-old mind. Early on the evening of February



Above is the house where Hon. Wm. McDougall stayed at Pembina when the Metis refused to let him cross the border. It is marked 7 on the map. The new building on the left is shown being roofed with mud and chopped hay. That on the right is the owner's one-room house which the Governor and his party had at first to share with him and his family—18 people in all. Provencher stayed in the U.S. Customs House to the west, and in a log hut Begg (not the diarist) had "the distinguished privilege of sleeping on the floor." 6 is the post office, and 1 the H B post. From the "Can. Illus. News" of Dec. 25, 1869.

RIEL'S RETREAT

by Alexander Hunter Murray

1. Louis Riel sat in his Chamber o' state
Wi' his stolen knives and forks
An' his stolen siller plate,
An' a' his braw things spread out in style sae great,
For a breakfast tae the Bishop that mornin'.

2. On a sofa sae grand—an' that was stolen too—
Sat that double dyed villain an' sneak O'Donahue,
His stolen watch and chain exposed there to view,
His Fenian breast adornin'.

3. Twa lazy sentinels stood smokin' at the gate,
Wi' the strictest orders frae their President elate,
When they saw Bishop Taché come walkin' on in state,
Tae gie Louis Riel timely warnin'.

4. Says Riel to O'Donohue, "I think it is nae crime
Tae say that our Bishop is far behin' his time,
It's mair than half an hour sin' our bells they did chime,
The hour he appointed this mornin'."

5. Sae Riel gat up an' gaed into the street,
But instead o' the Bishop, wha think ye did he meet,
But a man rushin' up, wi' his face as white's a sheet,
Cryin' "Rin for yir lives this mornin'."

6. "As I was comin' hame, I swear tae you I saw,
A regiment o' sodgers c-c-comin' in a raw
An' now while we are talkin', they can't be far awa'
An' ye'll get yir farin' this mornin'."

7. Louis Riel's face turned the colour o' a clout,
An' wi' a fearfu' aith, he turned him richt about
An' for the river crossing, the way that he did put
Was a caution tae a' that mornin'.

8. O'Donohue sprang up an' he put for it too,
An' Lepine followed suit wi' his dirty ragged crew,
The De'il tak' the hin'maist, the way that they flew,
Cow'd a' that I saw that mornin'.

9. Then up cam in order our gallant riflemen
Expectin' tae nab a' the rebels in their den,
They searched roun' the house an' they searched but an' ben
But they found they'd a' skedaddled that mornin'.

10. They lookit in the stores, an' they hunted everywhere
Not a sign o' a rebel could be discovered there
They had sunk intae the groun', or vanished i' the air,
Like Macbeth's weird sisters, that mornin'.

11. The Officers walkit in an' sat roun' the breakfast board,
An' feasted on the best Riel's stealings could afford,
An' after bein' satisfied, gave thanks untae the Lord
For the jolly good breakfast that mornin'.

12. Then Hey! Louis Riel! Hoo's a' wi' you the noo?
Hoo's a' wi' yir Mither an' yir Mither's auld coo
That ye took frae her an' sauld, we a' ken it's true,
For a coat, sark an' breeks ae mornin'.

Refrain which may be sung between the verses:

Hey, Riel, are ye waking yet,
Or are yir drums a beating yet;
If ye're nae waking we'll nae wait,
For we'll take the fort this mornin'.

Col. Garnet Wolseley, from a photograph by Notman.

15th, she had been sent in the cutter with Mrs. Schultz on her drive to meet her husband. It was planned that should Riel's men be sighted, Mrs. Schultz, who was small and slight, was to lie on the floor of the cutter, covered with buffalo robes, and little Harriet would be useful to sit in her place.

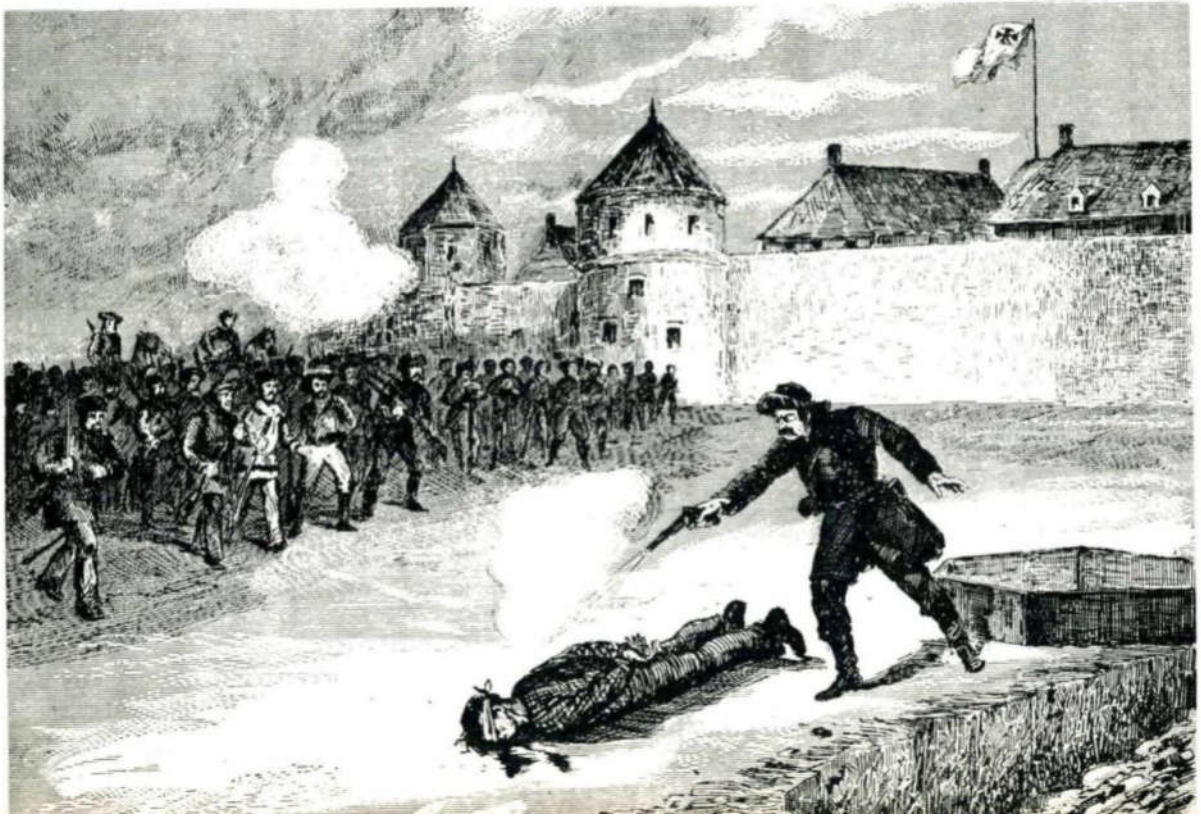
Mrs. Graham tells of herself and another little girl visitor being put to bed on the floor in a corner of the crowded sitting-room, each wrapped in a blanket and covered by a buffalo robe; of being wakened early next morning and howling lustily when a man sat on her, mistaking the heap in the corner for a pile of bedding; of Dr. Schultz coming in at her cries, and wrapping her tightly in her blanket, carrying her into his wife's room where she snuggled into bed beside Mrs. Schultz; and later, of standing at the window and seeing a man carried into the house in strange fashion, little knowing it was young John Sutherland who had been fatally shot by one of Riel's followers—a simple-minded fellow at that very moment in danger of being lynched.

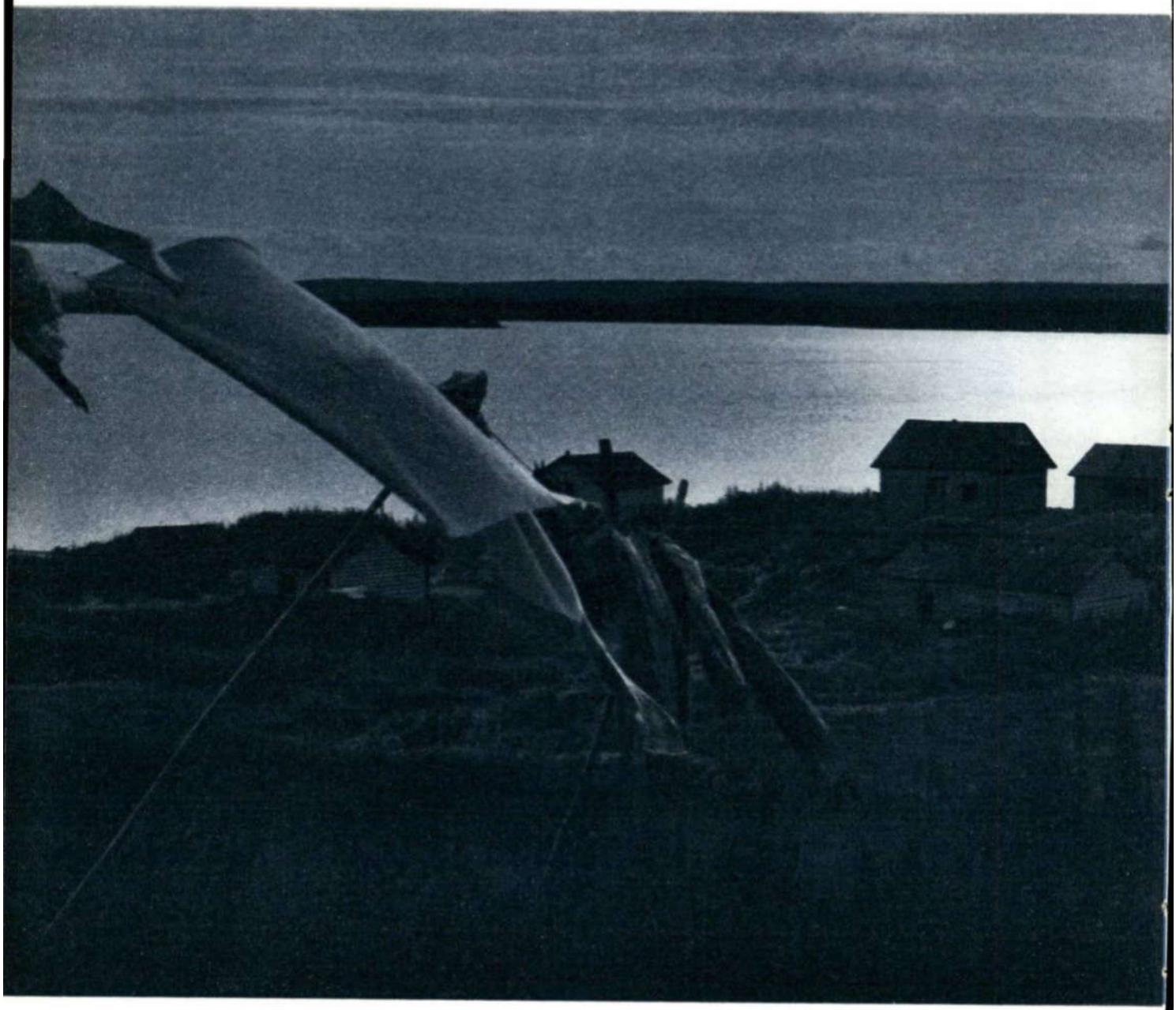
That morning, the marchers, having been won over to Dr. Black's views, decided to act upon his advice. Letters were exchanged in a parley with Riel, who promised to release the prisoners. He did so, and the marchers then dispersed. But for the Portage party Riel stipulated that, to avoid trouble on returning home, they should not pass near Fort Garry on the usual route of travel but should cut across the prairie to gain the Portage road.

They met these stipulations, but in the deep snow of the open plains they were surrounded and captured by a troop of mounted Métis, and imprisoned at Fort Garry in the very rooms from which their friends had so recently been released.

When, the following August, Colonel Wolseley's troops arrived from eastern Canada and marched on the fort, to find Riel had just left, Mr. Murray altered the first stanza of the marching song and added eleven verses to it, using the second stanza of the original as a refrain. The result appears opposite. ◆

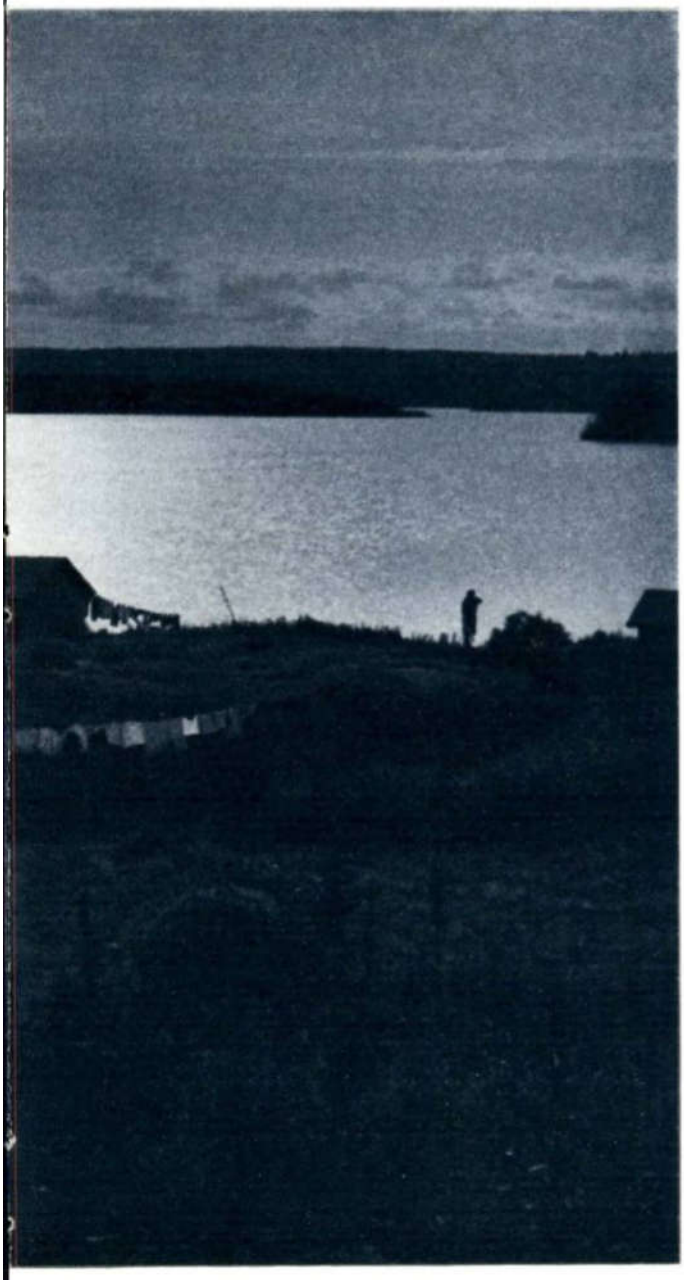
The killing of Thomas Scott outside the walls of Upper Fort Garry. The place of his burial has long been a mystery. A new report states that it was in the middle of the trail, parallel to the east wall, outside the postern gate, just south of the present Hudson's Bay House.





A photographic essay on the life span of Churchill River Indians

WAY OF LIFE



The photographers—husband and wife—live in New York. They went north last summer to Lac la Ronge and the upper Churchill. Mr. Kemp of Prince Albert is the author of "Northern Trader."

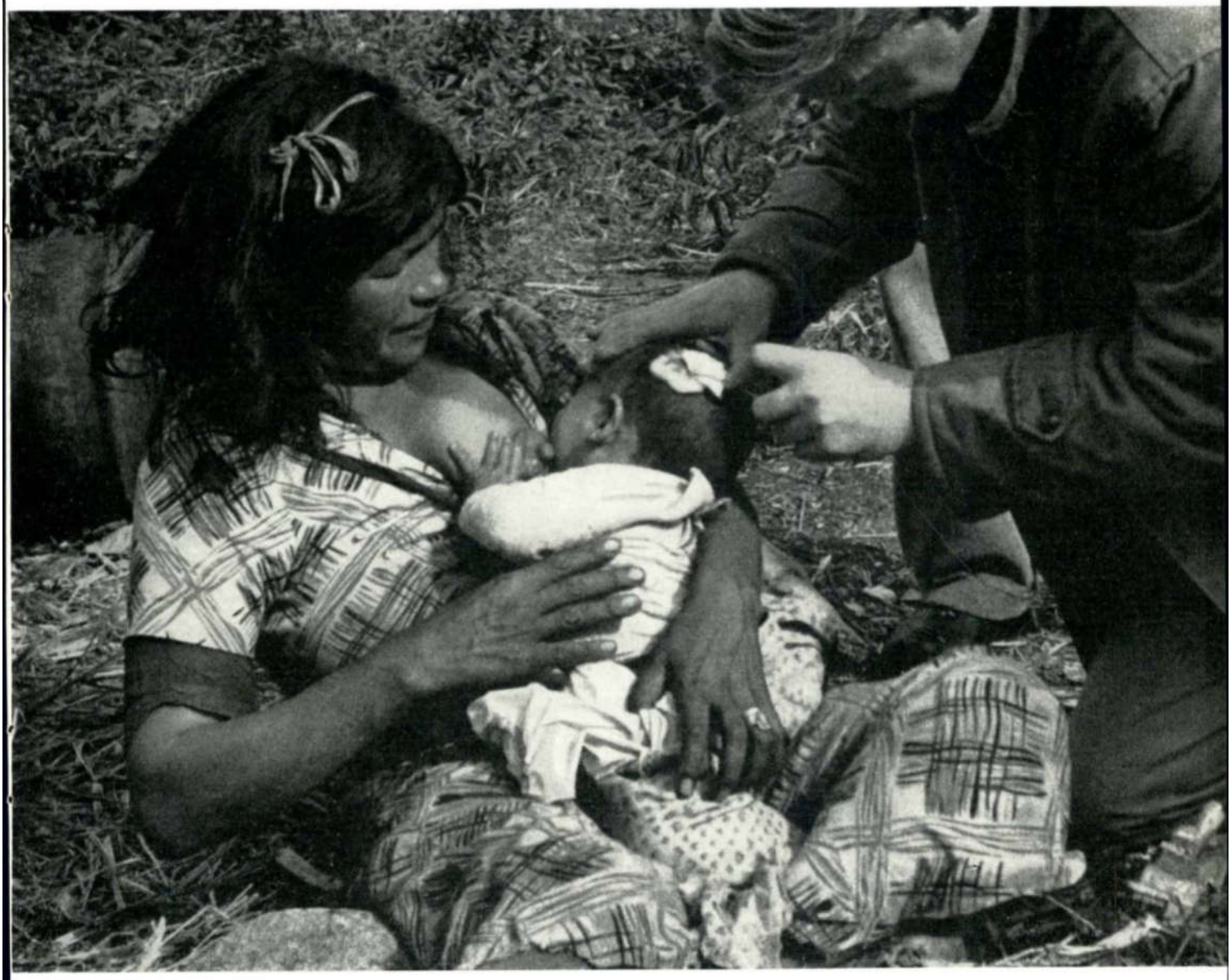
Photography by Sonia Bullaty and Angelo Lomeo

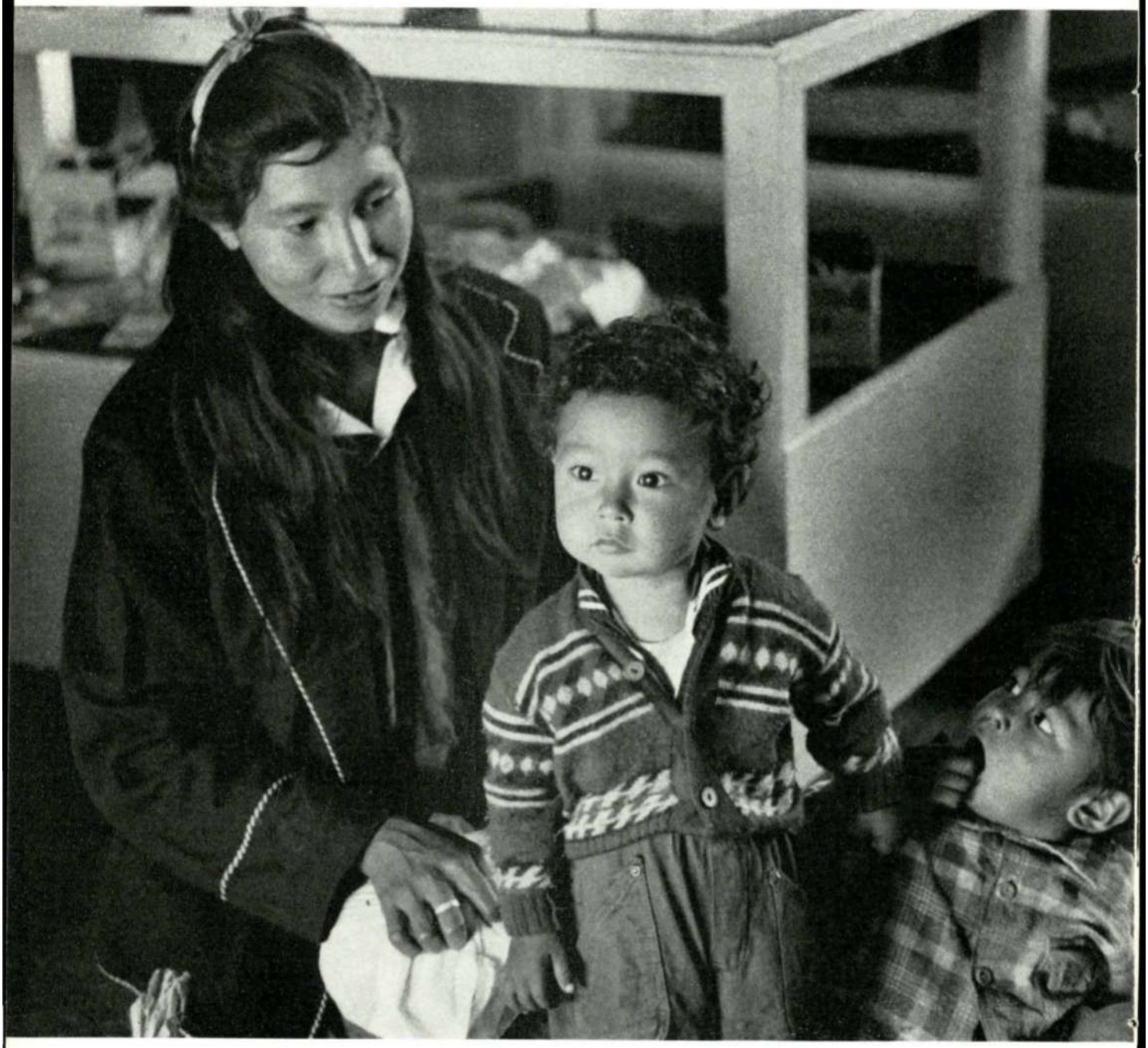
Story by H. S. M. Kemp

THE Stanley Indians have a proud distinction. Those who know them call them the finest Indians in the North. These Churchill River people are Woods Crees, the *Nahaythewuk*; and while their home base is Stanley Mission in northern Saskatchewan, they range up and down the river from that point.

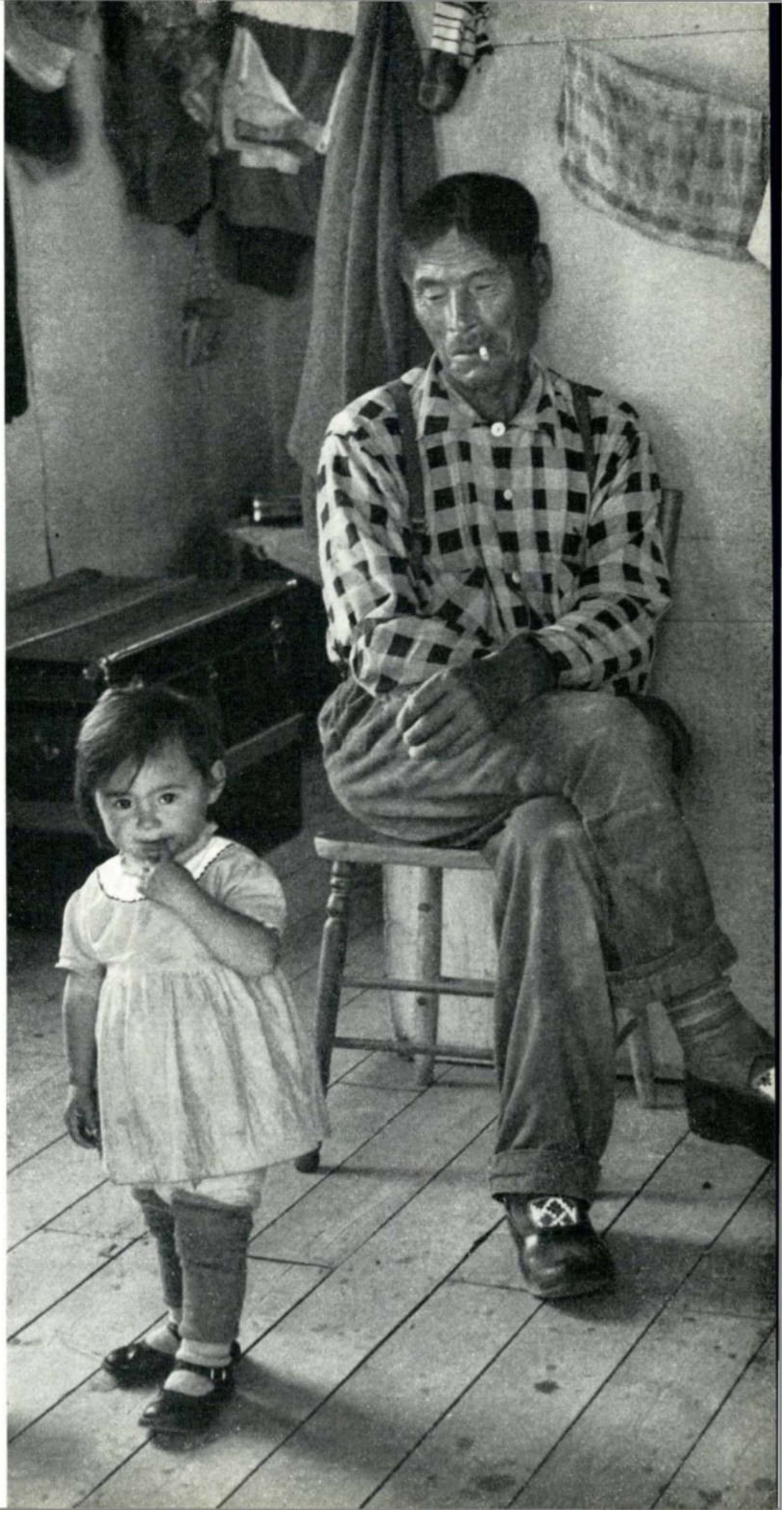
There may be reasons for that reference to "the finest." The Stanley Indians have long been Christianized and their training has been sound. It was well over a hundred years ago that the Reverend Robert Hunt left his ancestral home of Stanley Park in England and, with native help, whipsawed and built the lovely, typically English church that still dominates the Stanley scene. As well, he gave the settlement its name. Other missionaries followed him, but when at times no incumbent for the parish was available, the people carried on their worship by themselves.

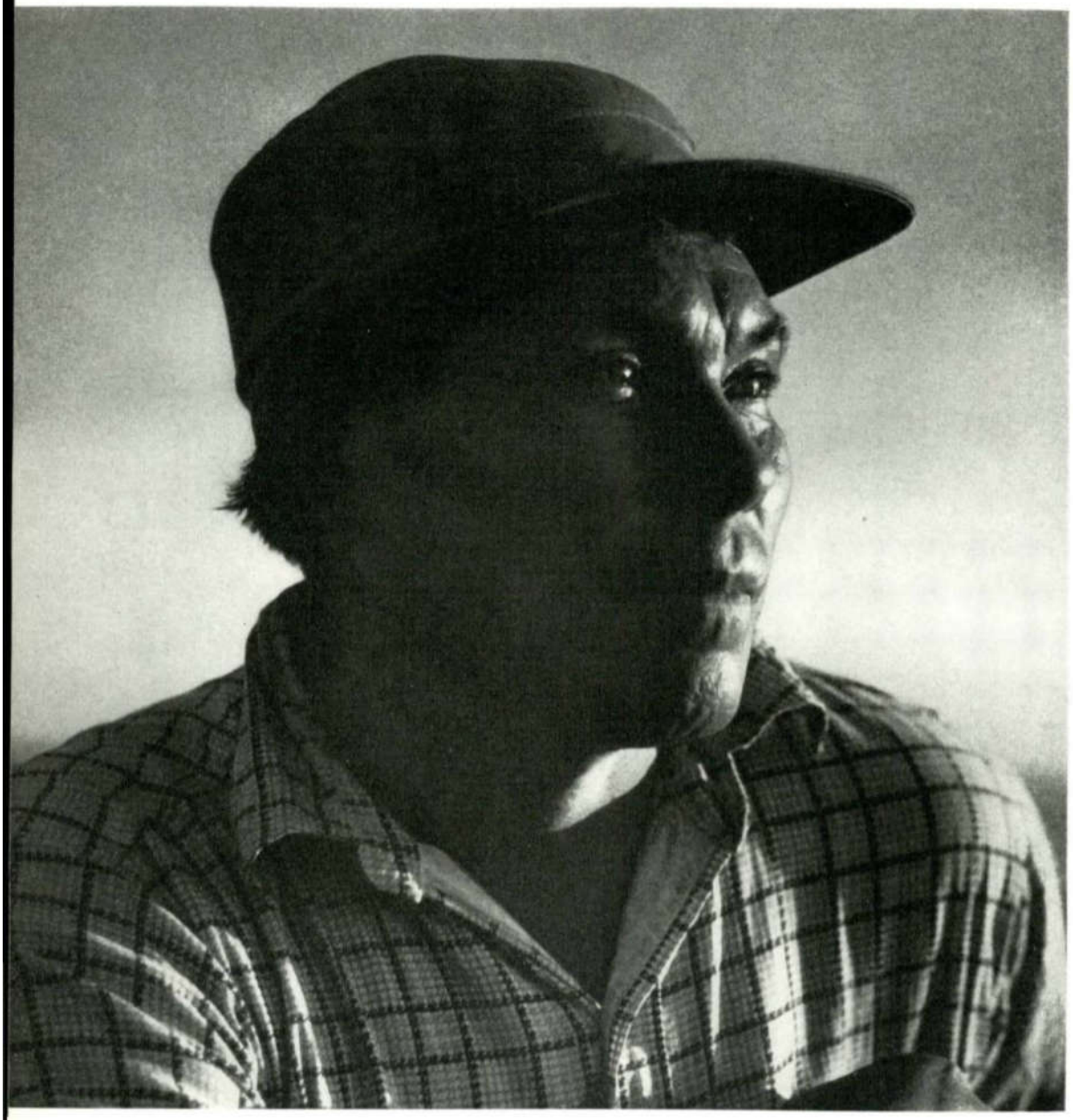
The Stanley Indians have been fortunate in other ways. Being somewhat remote, they were never overrun with whisky-peddling "free-traders"; and even today, with tourist activity booming at Lac la Ronge fifty miles southward, Stanley finds itself more or less undisturbed. Save for such innovations as the radio and the outboard motor and a greater variety of merchandise in the two trading stores, the people live much the same life as they have done for generations. They are hunters, trappers, rivermen. In the winter, some of the men add to their income by commercial fishing; summers, a few go south to Lac la Ronge and find employment as labourers and guides. But the chief activity of the Stanley Indian, his basic source of revenue, is still the trapline.

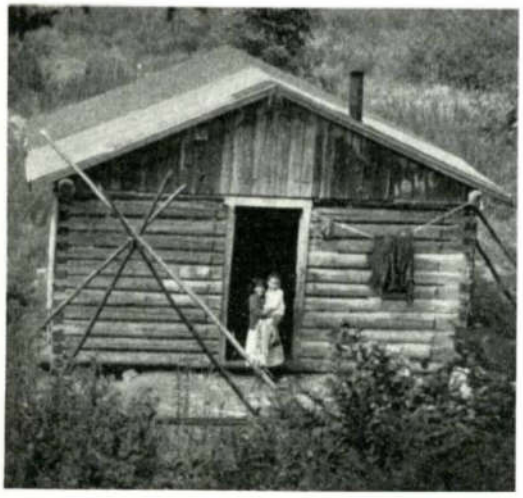




As is general in northern Saskatchewan, the Stanley trapping country is now apportioned into "blocks." In these blocks, each controlled by its own council, every man has his individual trapline. No longer need he fear encroaching white trappers or his more acquisitive brethren; no longer is there the urge to squander or kill off the fur on a "first-come, first-served" basis. Secure in his territory, he can co-operate with the government in conservation measures; and should "fine" fur fall off in the

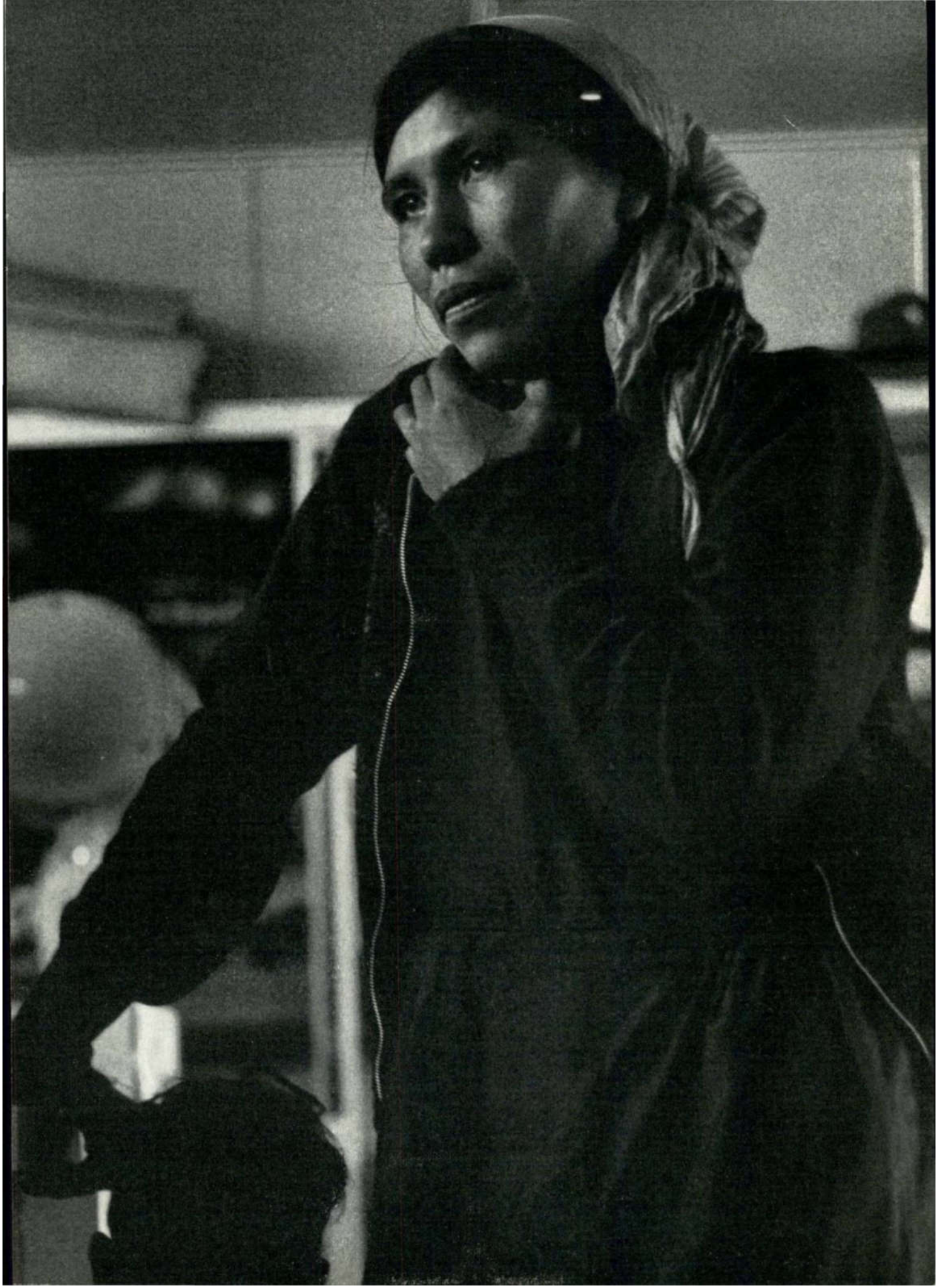


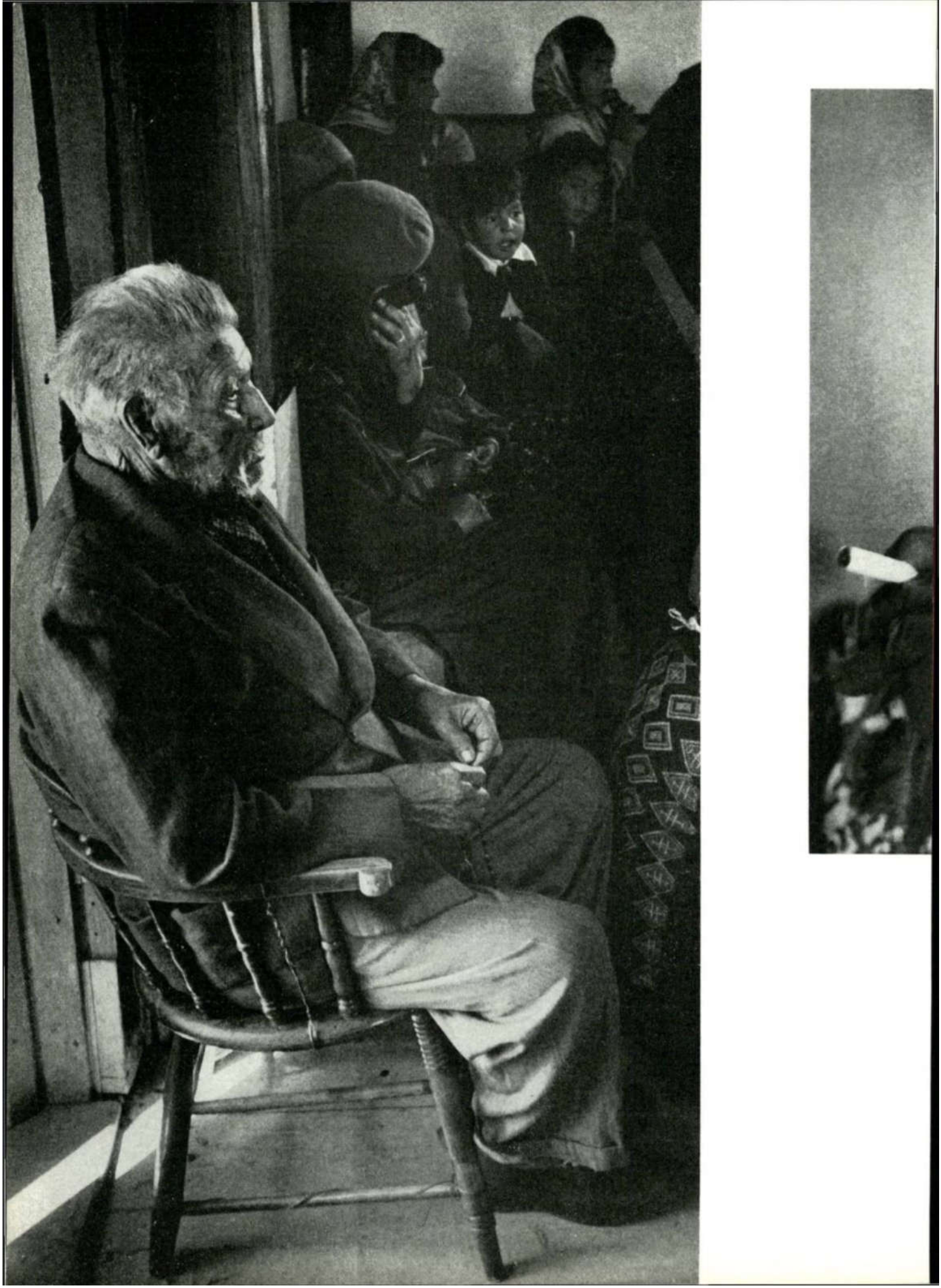


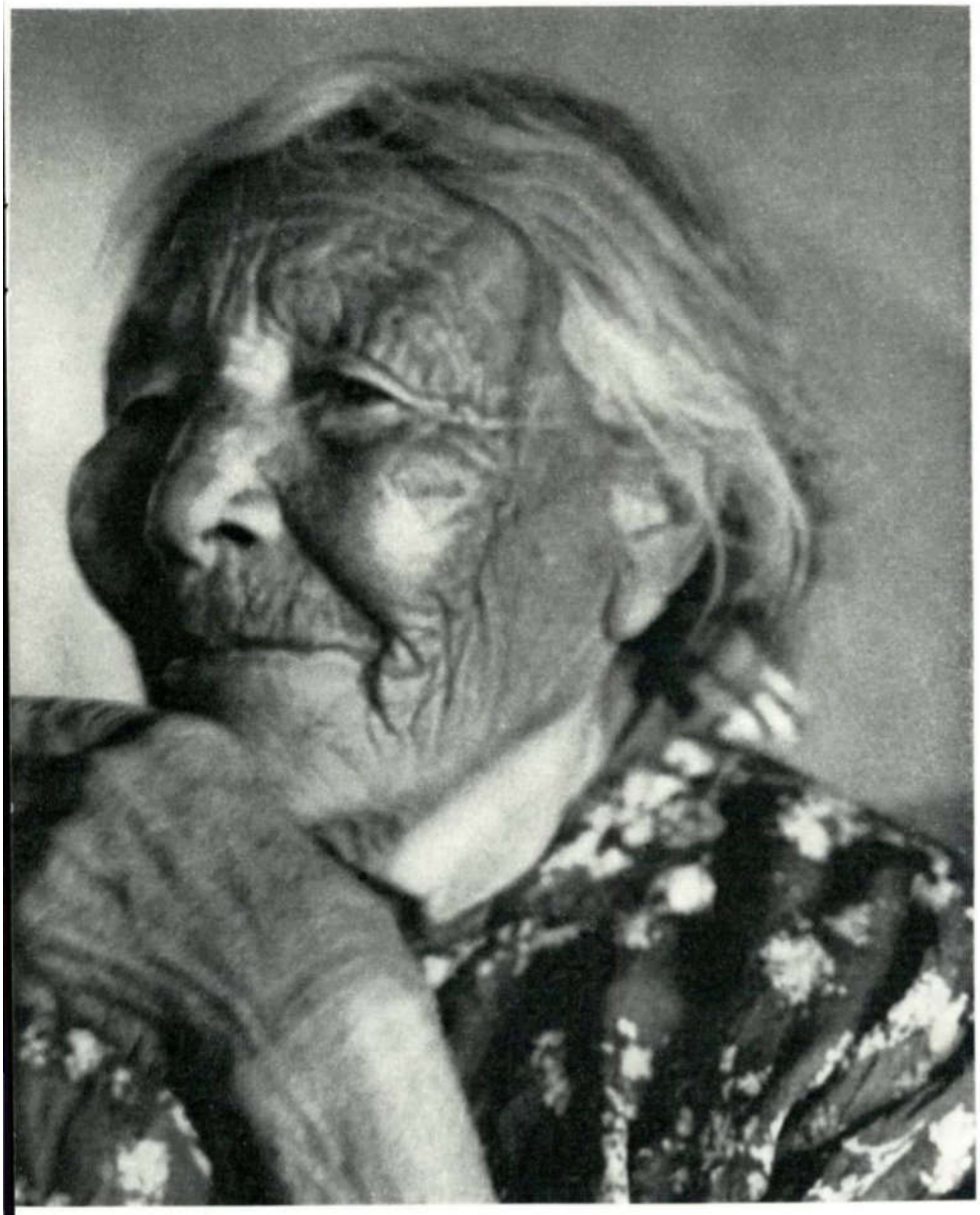


lean years he is, due to a strict quota system, assured of a rich harvest of beaver and muskrats in the spring.

Never a people to cling to the settlement, winter finds the Stanley Indians scattered far and wide. Early in the fall, some "pitch-off" great distances—to the Wathamun River and beyond, eight or ten days north from the post. A few return at Christmas and Easter, but many are at home in the settlement but three or four months in the year. Here and then they plant a few potatoes, visit, dance, and worship in the old church. They are a kindly people,







hospitable, in whom family life is strong. The youngsters, once they emerge from the cocoon-like "mossbag," are the autocrats of the household; the old are honoured, cared for and revered. Many of these older ones look with distrust on the encroachment of civilization. They wonder what the uranium development going on around them, the opening of the tourist trade, will mean. Their favourite comment is "*Numuwetha tapiskooch kuyas*—not like long ago!" But with a higher standard of living, with medical and dental care and educational facilities available, the Stanley Indian is well equipped to take his place in the new order of things. As well, he has that solid background.

EDEN COLVILE'S LETTERS

by J. S. Galbraith

A review article on the 1956 volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society*

THE correspondence in the latest volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society series deals with the Company on the defensive—against the fur-traders at Red River and the Americans in the Oregon country. It also offers fascinating insights into the character of Red River society, as seen through the eyes of Eden Colvile, appointed Governor of Rupert's Land in 1849.

Before its reorganization in 1863 the Hudson's Bay Company was controlled by a few men bound together by close ties of family and long personal association. The Pelly, Berens, Harrison, Colvile, and Halkett families dominated the controlling board, and they and their friends held the bulk of the stock. Meetings of the General Court of proprietors were almost identical in composition with those of the Governor and Committee. In this tight-knit little group a degree of nepotism was to be expected, and certainly there were evidences of such favoritism. Eden Colvile certainly was selected as Governor of Rupert's Land in large part because his father, Andrew, was Deputy Governor of the Company and at that time, the most powerful man on the Committee because of the illness of the Governor, Sir John Pelly. But family ties did not prevent the removal of men who were manifestly incompetent, and Eden Colvile showed steadily developing ability as a man of business.

When he received his appointment young Colvile was eight years out of Cambridge. W. L. Morton in his introduction writes that "the impression Colvile gives is that of the young commercial patrician, of good education and training, blessed with fair ability and complete assurance. In time, experience and the habit of command would make him a competent executive." Colvile's merits could be rated somewhat higher. As a member of the Committee of the reorganized Company after 1863 and as its Deputy Governor and Governor, he displayed great ability, and these appointments were not made because of his family connections.

The reason for the division of the authority of Governor George Simpson in 1849 remains obscure. Professor Morton states that in 1846 Simpson had suggested the need for a resident senior governor, and in 1848 was apparently contemplating retirement, but the letter cited as authority does not entirely bear out this explanation.

Colvile's first letters, written from the west coast, provide much information about the effects of the California gold rush on the Oregon country. Prices rose to unprecedented heights. In October, he reports that flour is selling for $13 per barrel and boards for $60 per thousand feet. Two months later, the prices were from $15 to $30 a barrel and $300 to $400 per thousand feet. The profits of the Company in the district were consequently high, but prosperity was somewhat blighted by the rise in seamen's wages ($120 to $140 per month) and desertions of Company personnel to California or Oregon.

The bulk of the correspondence is concerned with Red River, where Colvile spent almost two years. He arrived at Fort Garry at a critical time, since the Company's monopoly was being challenged by the free traders of Red River in co-operation with the American fur trader, Norman W. Kittson, who was established at Pembina, just across the border. Appropriately enough Colvile's first official act was to receive a complaint—a petition signed by all the non-clerical members of the Council of Assiniboia and about 500 others, complaining of the inefficiency of Major W. B. Caldwell as governor, and requesting Colvile to assume the presidency of the court and council.

Historians describe the 1840s and 1850s as a period of drastic change in the character of the Company's trade in the Red River area, and Professor Morton well analyzes the antecedents and consequences of this change. The end of the security provided by the contract with the American Fur Company, and greater marketing opportunities as a result of the increase of population in southern and central Minnesota, produced a crisis which culminated in the Sayer trial of 1849 and the eventual triumph of the free traders. These circumstances ended the isolation of the Red River community and made of southern Rupert's Land a frontier district in which the Hudson's Bay Company was forced to outbid its opponents to secure a share of the furs rather than to rely on rights vested in it by the charter. Some of Eden Colvile's correspondence is devoted to the problems of competition in this new era, but this

*_London Correspondence Inwards from Eden Colvile, 1849-1852_. Edited by E. E. Rich, assisted by A. M. Johnson, with an introduction by W. L. Morton.

Mr. Galbraith is a professor of history at the University of California. His book "The Hudson's Bay Company as an Imperial Power" is expected to appear shortly.

was not his preoccupation nor did he display much concern. This was undoubtedly in part due to the fact that in the trading season of 1850 the Company raised its prices at Red River to the level being paid by Kittson and purchased furs from all who came to trade, whether Indians or half-breeds. This policy compounded Kittson's difficulties and eventually forced him out of competition. It also contributed to tranquillity in the settlement. Colvile in 1851 described the colony as "unusually quiet." Simpson in the same year commented on the absence of turbulence, contending that the most troublesome people in the settlement were the body of pensioners who had been sent there to maintain order.

Colvile was not quite as harsh in his judgment of the pensioners as was Simpson. On one occasion he stated that "they were gradually becoming better subjects, as they acquired a greater stake in the country." But he shared Simpson's low opinion of their commanding officer, Major Caldwell, whom he described as "the most unmitigated ass I ever had to do business with."

The bulk of Colvile's correspondence is with subjects which today seem of minute importance but which to the Red River society of that time were major issues. As Professor Morton points out in his introduction, "Red River was a village, rife with gossip and slander, in which every man, whatever his rank, was intimately known and censoriously judged." In that environment the issue of the honour or lack of honour of Mrs. Ballenden was of great magnitude, and split the community into hostile factions, and the consequent suit of Captain C. V. Foss against Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Pelly for conspiracy to slander caused a virtual collapse of government at Red River. Wrangles over the amount of compensation due George Anderson, pensioner, for his aid in tracking the Company's boats from York Factory to Fort Garry may seem of little consequence, but such matters constituted a large part of the problems to which Colvile had to devote his attention.

Professor Morton observes that "it was to the work and influence of the clergy that the general peace and order of the Colony is to be ascribed in large degree," and this is unquestionably true. But Colvile had serious reservations in his regard for clerics, particularly the Anglicans. He wrote to Simpson, "I think our Bishop [David Anderson, Anglican Bishop of Rupert's Land] a very good man, but he is swamping us with these useless black coated fellows, and I would subscribe a handsome sum to ship half a dozen of them out of this." Archdeacon Cockran he described as "more of a lunatic than anything else," and again as "almost a lunatic." The only preacher for whom he seems to have had unqualified respect was the Reverend John Black, the Presbyterian pastor. He says, "Mr. Black seems a very judicious painstaking parson, and never attempts to meddle in secular affairs. I only wish there had never been any other than papists and Presbyterian parsons in the country, for those of our church are the most intolerable meddlers and idiots I ever had anything to do with. Hunter, D. Ross' son-in-law, is the only exception I have to make."

Vexation with the Anglicans may have been in part due to a quarrel between the Bishop and the Presbyterians over the issue of the Bishop's determination to consecrate a cemetery in which Presbyterians had buried their dead for half a century and to reserve future interments to Anglicans. In this case, Colvile considered the Bishop's position to be unreasonable and in violation of an agreement.

To any student of western Canadian history there is much of interest in these letters. One gets a view of the great flood of 1852, the worst in twenty-six years, and watches the recovery of the colony from this disaster. The character of the fur trade in southern Rupert's Land Colvile describes with abundance of detail. And there are biting and sometimes shrewd word sketches of the leading personalities in the Red River settlement, particularly in Colvile's letters to Simpson, where he departs from the formal style of his communications to the Governor and Committee. Adam Thom is "for a clever man, endowed with marvellously little judgment," and Chief Trader John Black is "as stupid as an owl."

The introduction to the volume provides an excellent setting for the correspondence. Professor Morton describes the three main communities which inhabited the area—the Scottish colony of Kildonan, the French and Métis, and the Scottish and Orcadian half-breeds of St. Paul and St. Andrew's. He sketches the changing characteristics of the Red River economy and the relationship of these changes to the problems of the Company's fur trade in the 1850s. The major factors, he asserts, were the recurrent gluts and shortages in agricultural production, the dwindling of the buffalo herds, and the inability of any other legal enterprise to produce an outlet for the energies of the settlement. "The one sure enterprise, the one for the commodities of which there was a market that all could reach, was the trade in furs." The result was the growth of free trade in furs which the Company found itself powerless to resist. At the very time that the validity of the Company's monopoly was being upheld by the law officers of the Crown, its reality as against the half-breeds was being destroyed. The Company was forced to fall back on economic means of repelling and containing competition, the same techniques which it had employed successfully in Oregon and in Canada. ◆

Left: A pulp cutter of the early 1920s uses a wooden-framed bucksaw to cut a spruce. Deep snow caused him to leave wastefully high stumps.

Right: A modern lumberjack, wearing a safety helmet for protection against falling limbs, fells a tree with a power saw and leaves a low stump.

LOOK WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO LOGGING

by Ian Sclanders

The modern lumberjack of the pulp camps leads a soft life compared to his predecessors of thirty years ago.

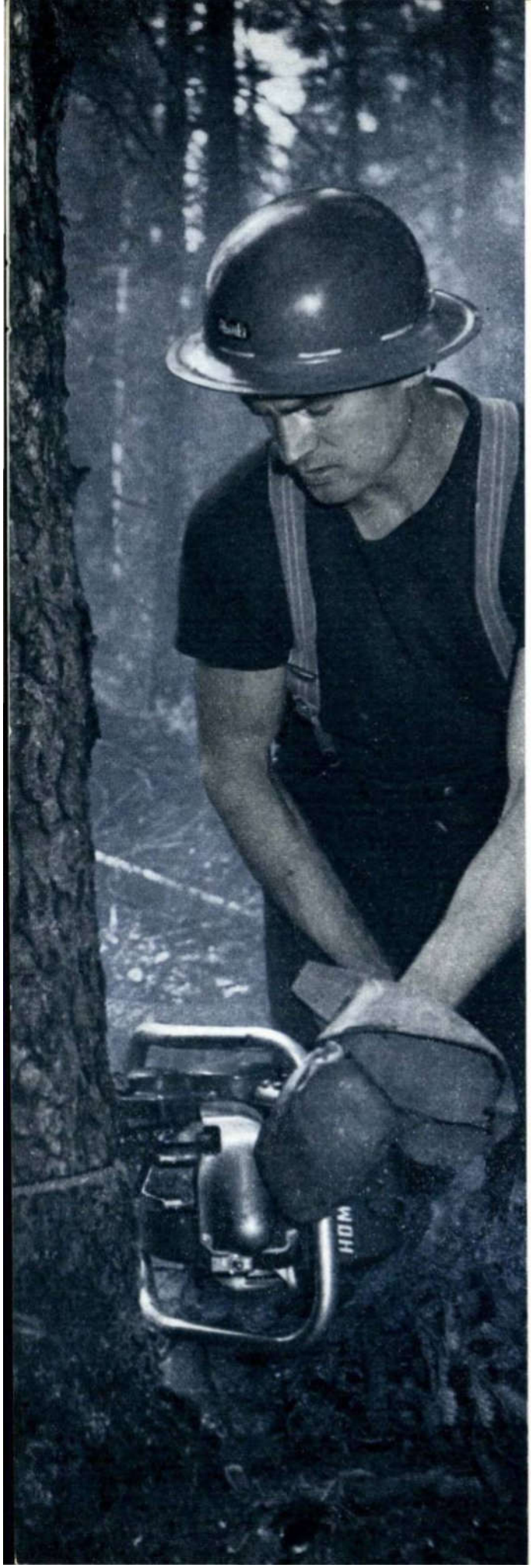
WHEN he finishes his day's work in a forest that is managed like a carefully-run farm, George Philippon, a long, lean twenty-four-year-old bachelor with an amiable grin, catches a bus to Camp Twenty-six of Abitibi Power & Paper Company, Limited. There he shaves, showers and changes into fresh clothing before he visits the cookhouse, where waitresses in crisp white aprons serve dinner to him and his two hundred fellow loggers.

In the evening, depending on his mood, the season and the weather, he may go for a drive in his shiny two-tone 1957 sedan or a spin in his twenty-five horsepower outboard motorboat, or he may saunter to the recreation room to see a movie, watch television, shoot pool, play a game of cards, listen to the radio or just sit talking.

Although Camp Twenty-six is in a forty-three-hundred-square-mile tract of timber that feeds the Abitibi mill at Iroquois Falls, Ontario, four hundred miles north of Toronto and one hundred and fifty miles south of James Bay, Philippon's life, inside the fringe of the forest, is much like that of a well-paid young man in a town. He and his mates, who are not only well-paid but well-fed, well-scrubbed and well-behaved, are woodsmen of a new type engaged in a modern, scientific, and highly-mechanized kind of logging.

They are surprisingly unlike the old time lumberjacks of song and story. According to the songs and the stories,

Mr. Sclanders is an associate editor of Maclean's Magazine.



A crane that can lift almost a cord of wood at one bite, loads a trailer with 30 tons of wood in six minutes.

the old timers enjoyed maiming one another with fists, teeth, fingernails and caulked boots; guzzled prodigious quantities of cheap fiery liquor; gloried in exposing themselves to danger to prove their courage; wore their underwear until it would stand up by itself, and ate pork and beans thrice daily.

At Camp Twenty-six, by contrast, there isn't a fight in a year. The canteen sells nothing stronger than soda pop. Philippon and his comrades, instead of taking foolhardy chances, wear safety helmets to protect their heads, and safety boots to protect their feet, and attend lectures on how to avoid accidents. Their clothing and bedding are laundered weekly. Their diet is varied enough to meet the standards recommended by nutritionists, and pork and beans remain on the breakfast menu alone—a breakfast menu that also includes fruit juice, hot or cold cereal, bacon, eggs, potatoes, and jams.

The transformation in living and working conditions in the woods has been virtually unnoticed by most Canadians, even though the forest industries are so vital to the national economy. The reason is that this transformation has gone on far from the cities and has been, in a sense, hidden by the trees. People in most urban districts, if they think of lumberjacks at all, think in terms of the lumberjacks they encountered in the fiction they read as children—mackinaw-clad giants who shaved with their axe blades, who could keep their balance on logs plunging through

white rapids, and who were as brave as lions, and as strong as horses.

Were the lumberjacks of the last century and the earlier years of this century really like this? The truth seems to be that they were—up to a point. They were wizards with their axes. The dovetailed hand-hewn timbers in the indestructible dams and cabins they left behind are monuments to their peerless skill. It is indisputable that they did more stream-driving than their successors, for water was their one means of transporting the logs to the mills, and many of them did, indeed, develop a remarkable knack of riding logs, using their pikepoles and peaveys in the way that tightrope artists use their balancing poles. Whether they were inherently braver or stronger than the loggers of the present is doubtful, but they certainly endured more hardship.

They walked, or went by boat, into the woods in the late autumn—often trudging as far as forty or fifty miles with their equipment on their backs—and they stayed in the woods until the next spring. In most camps before the First World War they slept and ate under one roof, in log shanties forty or fifty feet square. There were few windows. The caboose, or fireplace, was a box-shaped affair made of green logs and filled with sand, the "chimney" being a hole in the roof. The cooking was done in iron kettles. As a rule there were two tiers of bunks running along each of the four walls. The bunks were parallel poles, and the men lay in them head to foot. Each man had a bench beside his bunk and—to hang his belongings on—a wooden peg stuck into the wall. He provided his own tin plate, tea "dish" and knife. At meal times he loaded his plate with beans and poured blackstrap molasses—his dessert—on thick slabs of bread. When he had helped himself he sat on the bench by his bunk and gulped his food in silence. On Sundays there was a special treat—a pudding of rice, raisins and prunes. He worked from dawn to dark doing any job that was asked of him and, while rates of pay fluctuated slightly, the average was around fifty cents a day with free board, up to 1900, and had climbed by 1914 to about a dollar a day.

Today's pulp camp kitchens with their propane stoves and stainless steel fixtures are models of cleanliness and efficiency. Girls have largely replaced men as "cookees."

If a man washed himself or his clothing he did so outside, either in icy water or in water he heated laboriously over a bonfire in an iron pot. Even men with a strong urge for cleanliness were inclined to feel that washing clothing or bedding was a waste of energy; within hours they would again be attacked by lice, which were then the rule rather than the exception in logging camps. Nor could they combat the everlasting stench.

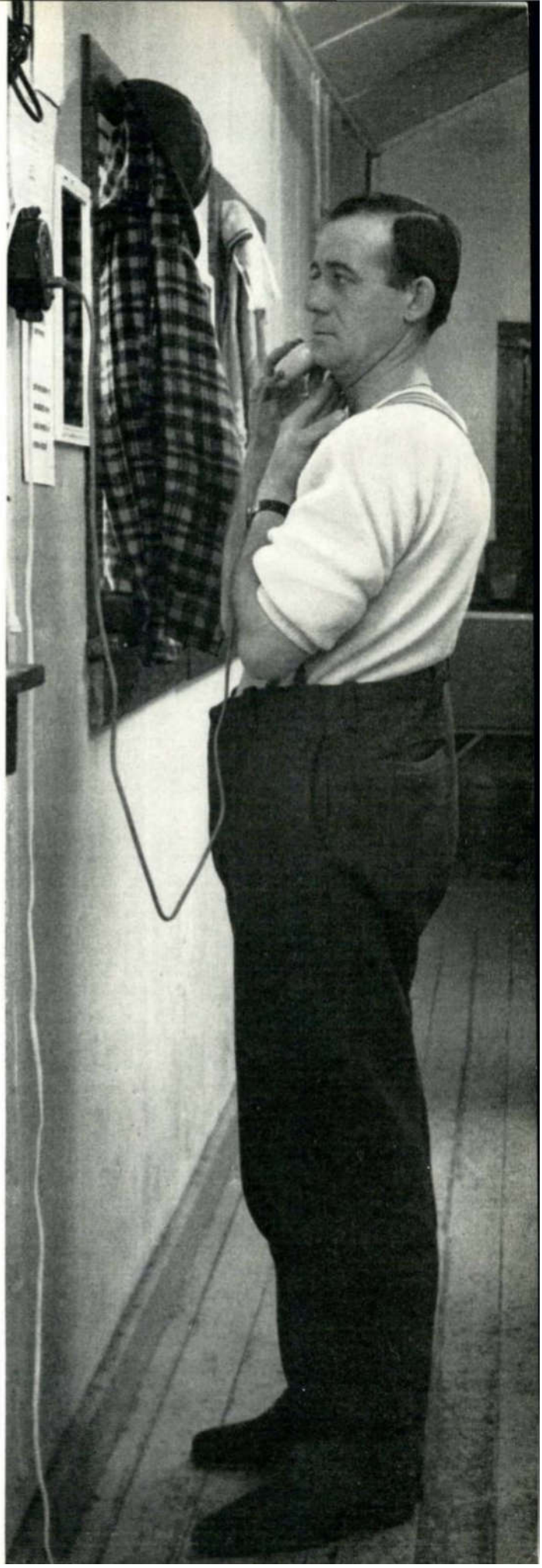
In those times smallpox and typhoid were common in the woods. So were accidents. And the more isolated camps, through the winter, were beyond reach of doctors. In such camps a man who was ill or injured either died or recovered without medical care. A man with a toothache sought aid from the blacksmith, who was handy with pliers.

Camp foremen of the period did all their paper work in little black notebooks they referred to, only half-facetiously, as their "offices." They were picked more for brawn than for brains and they ruled with hard battle-scarred fists. Their orders were orders—never requests.

But even before the First World War more than doubled logging wages overnight, living and working conditions in the woods had started to improve, slowly but inevitably. Behind the improvement was the establishment of pulp and paper mills. These mills and the hydro dams that harnessed rivers to turn their wheels represented very heavy investments, and, unlike most sawmills, pulp and paper mills were permanent structures. If the wood that fed them was depleted they couldn't be knocked down, loaded on sleds and hauled to fresh woods. The bush, to use a cliché, had to be farmed, not mined. This meant that old wasteful logging practices had to be abandoned. It meant cutting could no longer be confined to the largest timber on relatively narrow ribbons of land by the shores of lakes, rivers and streams. It meant that every acre in a mill's timber limits had to be utilized.

The permanent mills, with their permanent forests, created a need for a steady reliable woods labour force—not a labour force that would be here today, gone tomorrow. Meanwhile, a strange new breed—the university-trained forest engineer—was gaining a foothold in the wilderness. And mechanization was on the way. It didn't, of course, all happen at once. Not by any means.

At Iroquois Falls, in the Abitibi Lake region on the route fur traders followed from the Ottawa River to James Bay, the Abitibi company built their first mill about 1914. There had been little logging in the district until the mill was established, so the camps occupied by Abitibi's loggers were all new. From the beginning they were better than average. Bunkhouses and cookhouses were separated and had lots of windows.



No bearded bushwhacker, he; but the woollen union suit is still a "must."

Horses worked as hard as men in the days of the wooden sleighs and tarpaper-covered log shanties.

At first, Abitibi followed the general practice of having much of its cutting done by jobbers. All cutting, then, was done in the fall and winter. The cutters used two-handled crosscut saws, with a man to each handle, and horses hauled the logs to the nearest water, to be floated to the mill when the ice went out. The first real progress in cutting pulp logs far back from water was made in the Iroquois Falls limits in 1922, with the construction of a private railroad that eventually stretched thirty-five miles into the forest and had an additional twenty miles of spurs and sidings. Now, the horses could haul to the railroad. The logs were lifted from sleighs to flat cars by a snorting steam monster called a Clyde Iron Works loader, which burned coal and required a crew of a dozen men. The loader straddled the track and the empty flat cars ran between its legs.

It was in the early 1920s that the first tractors appeared in the timberlands—slow but powerful machines each capable of hauling twenty cords of wood on sleds. The horses at last had a competitor. The tractor led to better roads—first by opening snow trails to ease the work for horses and then, with bulldozers on bigger tractors, to the construction of solid all-season roads, with winter roads and temporary trails branching off them. These roads led to trucks and trailers and to huge loading cranes that move along picking up piles of logs as though they were bundles of matchsticks and swinging them to the trailers. This equipment outmoded the railroad, although the patient horse, in most places, still hauls logs short distances to the roadside. Meanwhile, the Swede saw—which replaced the bucksaw, successor to the two-handed crosscut saw—a thin sharp blade stretched taut by a steel bow, which one man can use efficiently, has all but passed into history. Cutters now go in for power saws that are driven by gasoline motors, and can slice through wood like a knife slices through cheese, but are light enough to be easily carried. The work goes on the year round and men work in teams of two—a cutter, with his power saw and axe, and a skidder, who bundles the logs and skids them to the road with his horse. In some places, particularly where it is swampy, horses have been eliminated by high-lead logging, in which the skidding is done by cables extending from a portable tower and manipulated by a man at a donkey engine.

Modern housing and transportation at one of the pulp camps of the Abitibi Company.

The men and their living conditions have changed as radically as the equipment. Those hard-bitten bosses, the independent contractors, are gone. The companies do their

own logging now. The "bug chaser" of earlier days—the forest engineer—has taken complete charge of operations and his studies determine where and how the cutting shall be done. When he decides which areas are to be cut he also has to plan the construction of all-season roads for access and log hauling, log dumps, camp layouts, etc., arranging also for power units, equipment, and men.

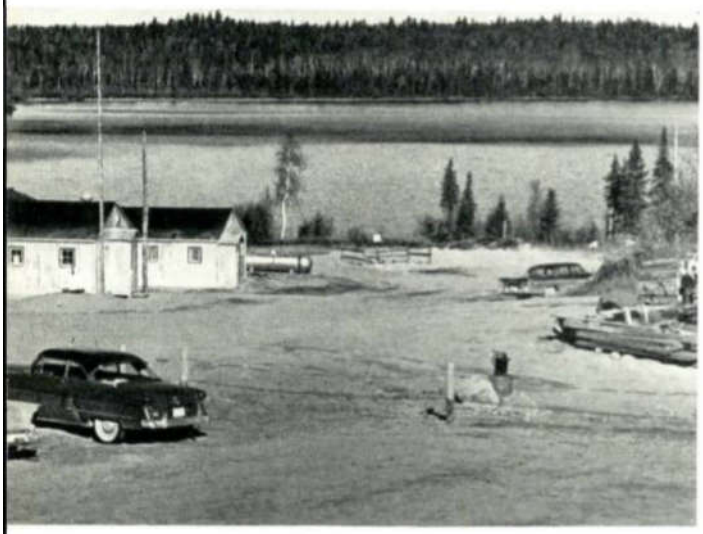
In the timber limits of the Abitibi mill at Iroquois Falls nearly all the more responsible posts are filled by experienced forest engineers. They keep a close supervision over camp foremen, some of whom are forest engineers, and who are nothing like their predecessors. While they still come up through the ranks, starting as cutters or strip bosses, and serving as assistant foremen, they get ahead by their mental ability rather than with their fists.

Most of the labour in the forest lands of large companies is unionized now, and a camp foreman has to be conversant with the terms of his company's agreement with the union. He also has to be familiar with government and company regulations for fire protection, health and safety and he has to know something about accounting.

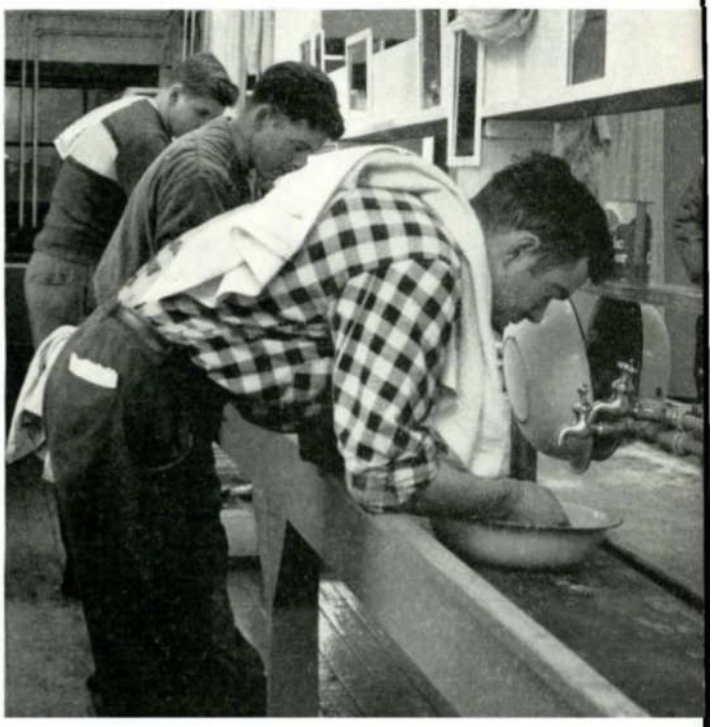
But the most surprising change is in the loggers, who at Iroquois Falls average fifteen dollars a day—a top-notch man may earn up to thirty dollars a day—and in their accommodation. They sleep in neat well-lit well-ventilated buildings, from a dozen to twenty men to a building. These are called bunkhouses—but there are no bunks. Instead, there are cots with springs and mattresses. The old outdoor latrines are gone, replaced by indoor flush toilets. There are showerbaths and rows of white washbasins and there is always lots of hot water. The cookhouses, like the bunkhouses, are neat and clean and the meals are excellent. Most men take their lunch to work—sandwiches, cake, cookies, hot drinks in thermos bottles. In the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, they may skip the thermos bottles and light open fires to warm themselves and brew their own tea. The big meal, although breakfast is not to be discounted, is the evening meal. At Camp Twenty-six steak is served twice a week, chops twice a week, roast beef or pork twice a week, stew once a week, and dinner includes soup, potatoes, two other vegetables, pies, puddings, cakes.

Oddly enough the cooking is now done with propane gas instead of wood at many modern camps. The cost of wood-cutting labour, plus the cost of the extra time the cook and his helpers would have to work if they burned wood in their stoves, add up to more than the cost of gas.

For more than ten years in the Iroquois Falls limits the meals, once served by young men, have been served by girls. The girls have their own living quarters and recreation room—a recreation room where they may receive male friends up to nine p.m.



These old photos show the boys in the bunkhouse about to tread a lively measure: and tables in the log cookhouse laid with tin mugs and bowls, with the big wood stove in the corner.



With electric light, steel beds instead of wooden bunks, radios, padded chairs, and hot and cold running water, today's pulp cutter lives in comparative luxury.

When the girls were first hired there was some fear that taking them to the woods would lead to trouble. This fear proved groundless. The waitresses, who earn more than ten dollars a day, often find husbands from the ranks of the loggers, and by the time they are wed generally have a fair amount salted away in savings. Board—in the woods—costs only $1.75 a day. It's the same for the girls as the men. Laundry costs the men fifty cents a week but the girls do their own. At Camp 26 and other Abitibi camps complete medical care is provided for $1.50 a month.

The roads that are part of modern logging operations, the road by which the logs reach the mills, have linked the camps with civilization—with the towns where the mills are. From Camp Twenty-six, for example, there are regular company buses to the town of Iroquois Falls. But many of the loggers drive their own vehicles and the cars parked by their bunkhouses look like the cars outside an exclusive country club. George Philippon, at the age of twenty-four, is driving his ninth car. He started 1956 with a brand new Ford and switched in mid-season to a new Monarch. The cook of Camp Twenty-six, Gilles Dugas, drives a red and black Chrysler New Yorker, 1956 model.

The all-season road and the company buses and the cars have eliminated the isolation of the camps. Where married loggers once didn't get home to see their families between the fall freezeup and the spring thaw, almost all of them now go home at least once a fortnight for a week-end and some go home every weekend.

The same roads have turned logging from a fall and winter operation that depended on frost and snow to an all-year operation, and while the peak of activity is still in the cold weather months the larger camps, like Twenty-six, are never closed. Some men leave them only to take advantage of their annual paid vacations—something the loggers of earlier days couldn't have dreamed of in their wildest flights of fancy.

Yet Camp Twenty-six, far from being unique, is simply a good example of how dramatically conditions have changed in Canada's commercial woodlands over the past quarter-century. ◆

BACTRIANS IN B.C.

The mules on the Cariboo Road objected when the camels rose to a point of odor.

by Lynda Marston Wright

TWILIGHT was descending on the narrow, precipitous trail cut into the side of the Fraser Canyon. Along the road, lurching unsteadily, came a placer miner with pick and pack on back. He had been panning gold on the Fraser bars for many months, and now he had made his stake. After stopping at Yale for one last grand spree, he was heading out for the coast.

As he rounded a hairpin bend, he suddenly stopped, stared, and started to run back the way he had come. And as he ran, he vowed then and there never to touch another drop.

But the apparition he had come face to face with in that lonely place, and which had caused this radical change in Fred Ryan's intentions, was certainly not an uncommon one along the canyon trail. It was simply the lead camel in a train of bactrians which Frank Laumeister had brought up the river in the spring of 1862, to do the work of mules and horses.

Camels were new to North America then. But it was by no means the first time they had trodden the soil of this continent. Thirty-five million years ago, late in the

Mrs. Wright, of Deroche, B.C., is studying and writing about the history of her district.

Eocene epoch, camels, though humpless, roamed the grassy plains of the continent. Their history is known and the story of their migration told through the fossils that have been found from time to time.

Once there was a land bridge between Asia and America; climatic conditions were different too. Some camels strayed across to Asia, adapting themselves to the strange climate. It took many thousands of years for Nature to mould the original humpless camel into the two-humped bactrian and the single-humped dromedary of today.

In South America, where other camels had strayed, time made more minor alterations, and left the guanaco and vicuna—the domesticated llama and alpaca—in much the same form as their ancestors.

What happened in North America, the homeland of the camel?

No one knows. Somewhere through the centuries the last camel, sole survivor of thousands, died alone in a frigid land far from its kind, the land bridge wiped out by the Bering Sea, the climate turned hostile.

Time rolled on. Ages passed. America changed from a land of prehistoric monsters to a land of Indians and buffalo. Columbus came and went and in his wake rolled the tide of civilization. Men were blazing a path through the United States of America. Gold was the lodestar that beckoned and gold brought the need for defence. As early as 1701 camels had been brought into the colony of Virginia. Perhaps this beginning gave United States government officials, casting about for a method of transportation and supply between Arizona and Californian goldfields, the idea of authorizing Secretary of War Davis, in 1855, to bring more camels to the U.S.A.

On February 10th, 1856, the ship *Supply*, under the direction of Major H. C. Wayne and Lieutenant D. D. Porter of the United States Army, landed thirty-three camels in Texas. With the camels came Hadji Ali, Arabian camel driver, soon dubbed Hi Jolly by the American soldiers and honoured after his death by the Government of the U.S.A.

The camels did their work well; they crossed the deserts without water, they packed heavy loads swiftly, and they opened a trail across half a continent. In 1876 eight camels were used in the ascent of Mt. Davidson, reaching to within 150 feet of the top. The camels packed the first gold dust from the famous Bonanza Claim in Alder Gulch, Montana, each animal carrying many thousands of dollars worth.

Earlier, in the worst winter on the Dalles and Walla Walla trail hundreds of cattle had died, but apparently the camel pack trains had survived in reasonably good condition. Everywhere the animals seemed a success. Then Fate, in the form of the War Department, stepped in, and for some unknown reason abandoned the camel experiment.

Poor Hi Jolly, and his fellow drivers, had to turn their charges loose, near Quartzsite, where they roamed free for the rest of their long lives.

The State of Arizona—perhaps not too happy at the untimely end of the camel episode—took thirty years to realize the worth of little Hi Jolly. At any rate in 1935, on U.S. Highway 70, west of Phoenix, by the little village of Quartzsite where the last camel had died long before, a memorial was erected to the humble camel driver who, like his charges, had died so far from his homeland. The ten foot, multicoloured, camel-topped pyramid bears this inscription:

> The last Camp of Hi Jolly.
> Born somewhere in Syria about 1825
> Died at Quartzsite December 16th 1902
> Came to this country February 10th 1856
> Camel driver, packer, scout, and for over
> Thirty years a faithful aid to the
> Government of the United States.

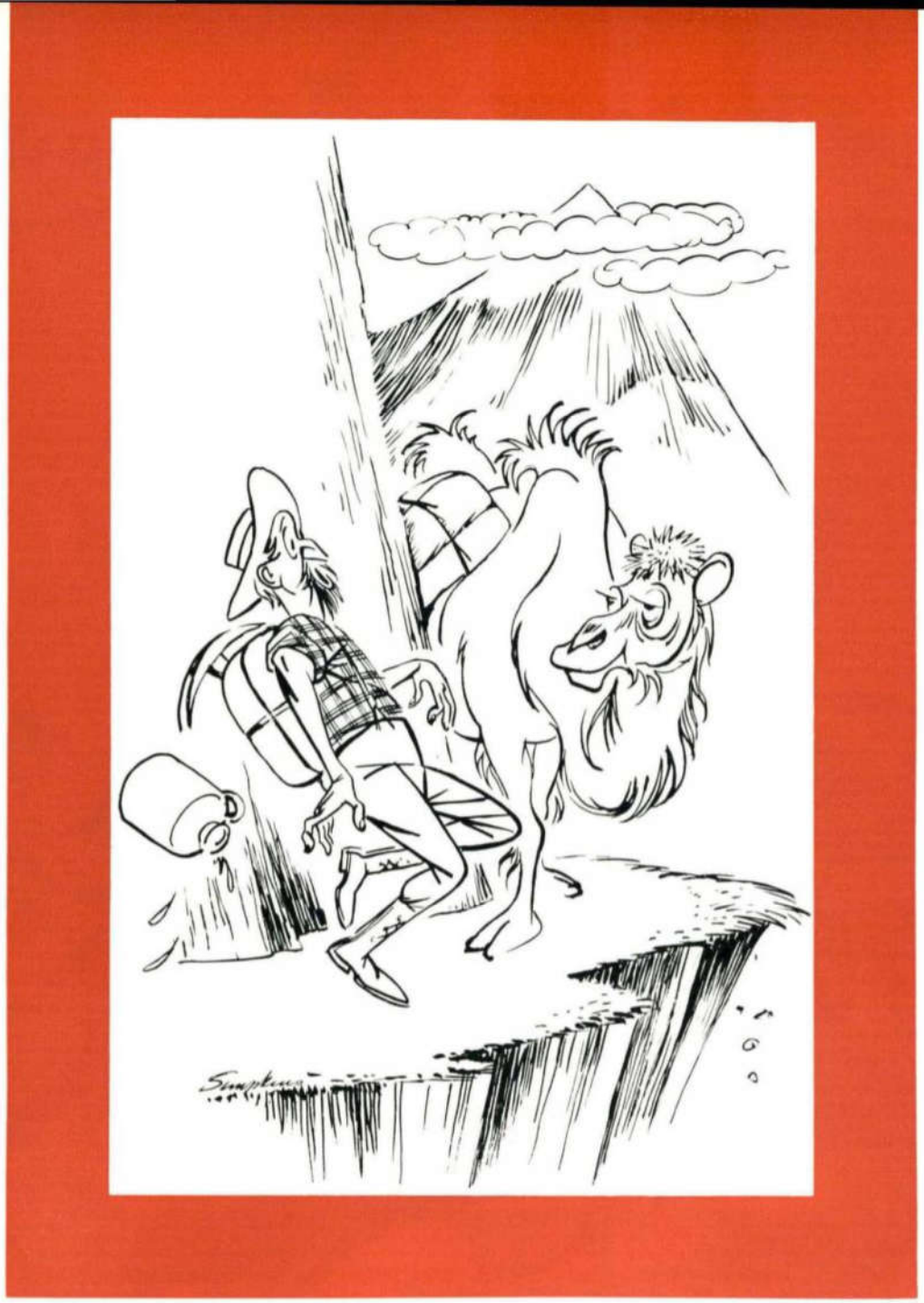
In Canada, about the time Hi Jolly's camels were landing in the States, man, in his quest for wealth, had turned to the great canyons and mountain ranges, and the mighty rivers carved out in some distant past, perhaps before the last camel had disappeared from the continent. In the great recesses of the Fraser River they found gold and, following men in the search for gold came the necessity of a steady means of supplying food and clothing.

Mules were used. A good mule could cover the distance from Yale to Quesnel in a month, having leapt like a mountain goat through the treacherous Fraser Canyon carrying a 250-lb load—at $1.00 a lb.—and most "mule trains" made money. Soon, Frank Laumeister conceived a better way to make more money, with camels.

Somehow—no one seems to know quite how—this enterprising man managed to acquire twenty-two of them. He and his partners Charles Gowan and Gus Hoffmeister brought them up the Fraser by boat, having had them shipped via Nevada, San Francisco and Victoria. Coming from the highlands of Manchuria, they found the Canadian climate not unusual and could carry loads of 600 to 800 lbs., thirty-five miles per day, while dromedaries with light loads could cover seventy-five miles per day.

Only one thing went wrong. They smelt! Laumeister, in his dream of sudden wealth, had forgotten that no pack horse or mule can stand the acrid camel stench. Everywhere the camel train went, the mules and horses bolted. Valuables were strewn willy-nilly over the wild trails and, worse yet, other drivers began suing Laumeister.

It was the beginning of the end. He finally had to turn the camels loose on the Thompson River flats. Mrs. Kate Forrest and her sister Mrs. Hannan of Spokane remember

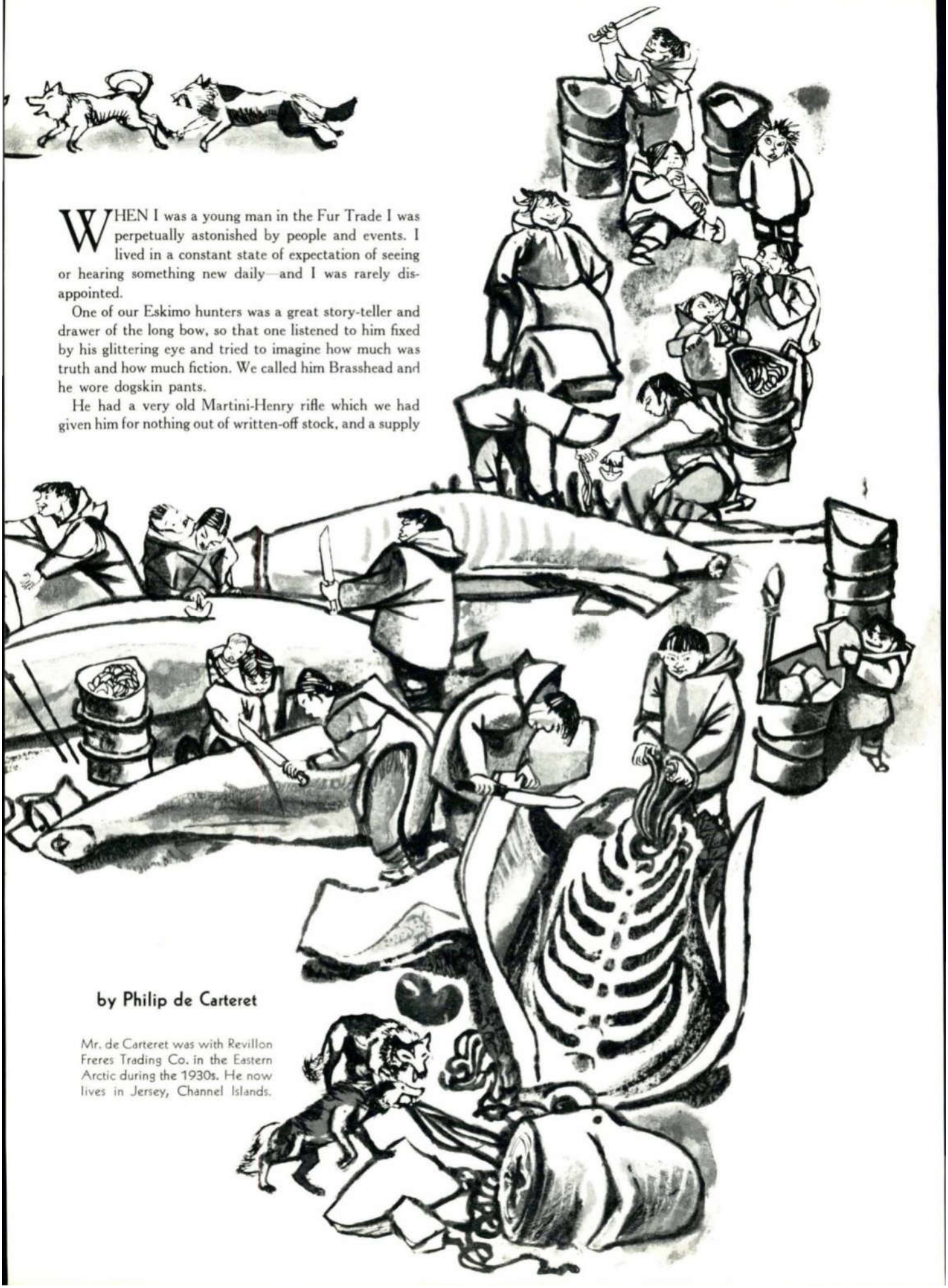


seeing camels running wild in their youth when living with their father S. McKenzie who was the last Hudson's Bay Company clerk at Fort Colvile, a trading post on the Columbia River. Camels had originally delivered supplies to Fort Colvile when it was a flourishing trading post of the Company. One animal that had been used at the Wild Horse Creek gold diggings was turned loose at Cherry Creek and ran on the Henry Ingram Ranch. Later it was shot, dressed and sold as meat at 150 Mile House, but though the meat was good it proved very unpopular.

Early in the twentieth century Joe Prochaska, State game warden of Arizona, reported that "wild" camels were extinct in Arizona. In 1905 the last one was reportedly seen at Cache Creek, British Columbia. There it died, alone in a hostile land, as its ancestor had died, long, long ago. ◆

BRASSHEAD

Drawings by Robert Bruce



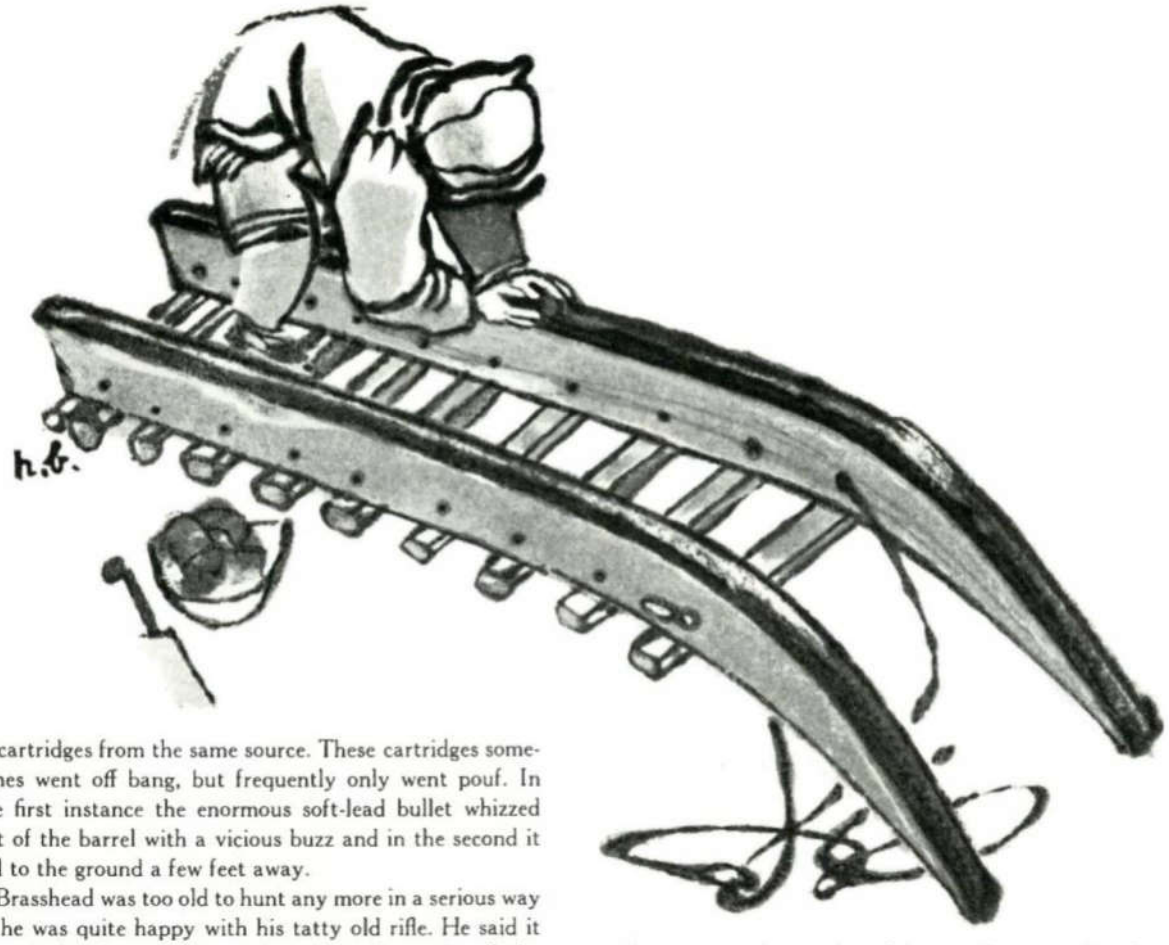
WHEN I was a young man in the Fur Trade I was perpetually astonished by people and events. I lived in a constant state of expectation of seeing or hearing something new daily—and I was rarely disappointed.

One of our Eskimo hunters was a great story-teller and drawer of the long bow, so that one listened to him fixed by his glittering eye and tried to imagine how much was truth and how much fiction. We called him Brasshead and he wore dogskin pants.

He had a very old Martini-Henry rifle which we had given him for nothing out of written-off stock, and a supply

by Philip de Carteret

Mr. de Carteret was with Revillon Freres Trading Co. in the Eastern Arctic during the 1930s. He now lives in Jersey, Channel Islands.



of cartridges from the same source. These cartridges sometimes went off bang, but frequently only went pouf. In the first instance the enormous soft-lead bullet whizzed out of the barrel with a vicious buzz and in the second it fell to the ground a few feet away.

Brasshead was too old to hunt any more in a serious way so he was quite happy with his tatty old rifle. He said it came in handy to make a noise with and occasionally he assisted in frightening the white whales and helped to keep them bottled up in our little bay until we could harpoon them.

When he was an infant, he told us, he had been stolen in error by the Arnashootiks, the Women Hunters. These characters, whom no one had actually seen, were alleged to live in the Barren Lands. Of no fixed abode, they were compelled to steal girl babies in order to rear them for wives for themselves to propagate their race because no females were ever born to them. He said he didn't remember being stolen, but his mother had told him that when the Arnashootiks had discovered their mistake he had been returned. He had obviously been well treated because it was observed that his mouth was covered with sugar. He offered no explanation of this phenomenon.

One day we got eleven white whales bottled up in a sort of lagoon. At low water this lagoon was cut off from the open sea by a bar which dried out. We lined up half-a-dozen kyaks, one Peterborough canoe containing two Eskimo we called The King and Cyclops (he had one eye), one thirty-foot boat with a rather excitable crew of youths, and Fred Karpik and myself in a dinghy with an outboard motor. We straddled the bar and every time the whales tried to get out we beat the water with oars and paddles and fired shots. At low tide the whales were gone coons and we spent a happy time firing madly every time they came up for air.

Brasshead was seated on a big boulder with a case of ammunition, and vastly added to the already excellent chance of someone being hit by a ricochet by banging and pouffing away in a very steady and serious manner. The thirty-foot boat went aground in the excitement because someone let go the tiller to give a whale what for when it came close. The Peterborough retired from the action with a bullet through it where it did most harm, and thus left the kyaks and dinghy to finish off. By this time we'd got harpoons into all the whales, and the detachable heads were fixed to sealskin floats by lengths of skin line so that in time the poor brutes were all killed. Of course it was a Klondike for us because everyone would have enough dog food for the rest of the year.

We waited for high tide again and pulled the carcasses as far inshore as possible. At low water we began flaying and cutting up by the light of blubber flares. All hands had large butcher knives and every dog in the post was in attendance. It was fantastic. Everyone was covered with blood and grease and no one was without a goodly portion of the meat and the *muktuk*, the inner hide of the beasts which is edible and when boiled tastes like mushrooms. On all sides hopeful dogs were streaking along, trailing behind them yards of intestines, hotly pursued by other

dogs who proposed to either share in the feed or beat up the owner and eat the lot themselves. We secured all the meat in the end. Brasshead had a whole head as part of his share. He said he would look forward to having the eyes for breakfast. He added they were the best part of the whale and as far as he was concerned he'd rather have a pot of whales' eyes than a deer-meat stew.

The King, who was rather a snappy dresser, had had a little hard luck. As he was pursuing one of the younger females in a light-hearted way round the stripped carcass of a whale, he tripped over a dog and fell face down into the insides between the ribs. His new fur hat fell off and his subsequent appearance left much to be desired. He said it couldn't be helped and anyway it was one of his own dogs which had tripped him. He was always good tempered and a prime favourite with the women. There were several fur posts he had to keep away from until the heat had cooled a bit.

Brasshead said that when he was a young man there were frequent events like the foregoing. He reckoned that there was more of everything then. Ducks, ptarmigan, deer, seals and foxes were available in profusion. The tent and snowhouse were always full. But that, he always added, was only when he was a little boy. He swore that in those days there were Little Men who suddenly appeared when a good killing had been made. They were immensely strong and could carry off a square-flipper seal single-handed. However, if it was necessary to leave a carcass on the beach for some time pending removal, it was only necessary to spit on it to prevent these Little Men removing it for their own use. They were unable to lift the object spat upon.

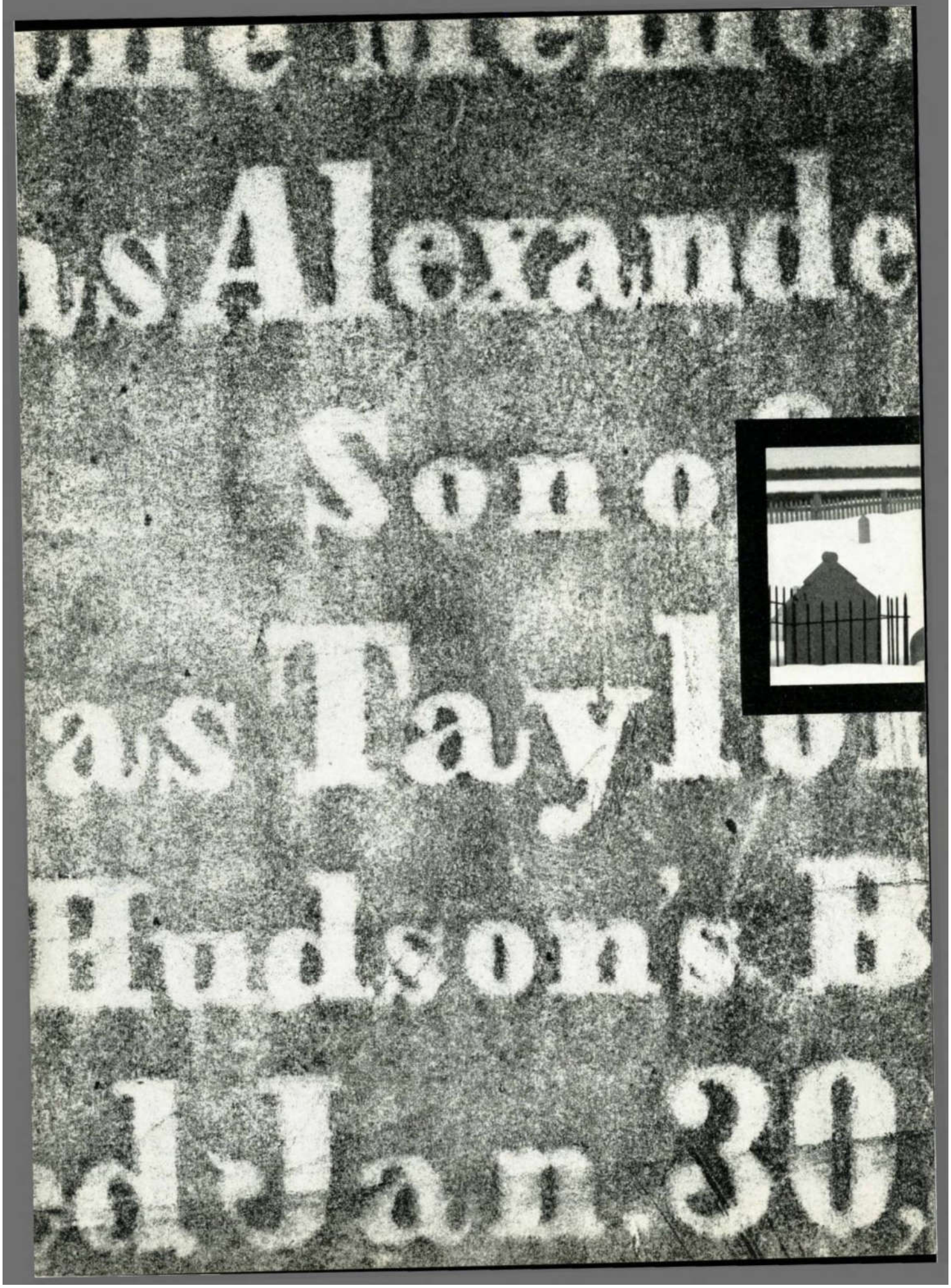
With regard to many things, Brasshead was a mine of information. It is customary to freeze mud on the iron sled runners in winter to make them easier to pull. Metal is inclined to stick to snow in very cold weather. The old boy went to a lake miles away to get a particular kind of peaty mud which he fancied for his runners, and spent hours picking out the small stones. His runners were always in better shape than those of other sledges. The mud was patted on by hand and frozen hard, planed round in section with a jack plane and iced over with lukewarm water applied by a morsel of hairy deerskin. Brasshead's mud would stand up to knocks which wrecked most others. There must have been more fibre in it to give it strength. I bribed him with tobacco to do my own sled.

Fred Karpik always pooh-poohed the old man's ideas. Fred was from Labrador and was part-white. He was a fiend for betting on anything at all. He bet me five dollars I couldn't hit a little aluminium pot hanging on a nail on our store about a hundred yards away, with my old .22 rifle. I fired and hit it. We both forgot I had been using mushroom bullets for seals. There was a little hole in one side of the pot where the bullet had entered, and no side to the pot where it had left. Fred also forgot it was his own favourite pot for icing his runners with. He said he'd had that pot for years. He was nearly heart-broken. Brasshead asked for the remains—he figured he could make something out of them, but Fred wanted to try and repair the hole with a piece of tin tied with wire over a sheet of deerskin as a washer. He didn't have much success and Brasshead got his request in the end. Fred started using a five-pound lard pail but grumbled that the results weren't as good as with the little pot.

It was the old man who showed me how to build a snow-house and I practised all round the post. Diana Bay was dotted with ill-constructed houses of mine. Fred Karpik argued that Brasshead's houses were too pointed on top and looked like hell, but Brasshead said well anyway his houses didn't drip on folks' heads when the primus stove was on, like some he could mention. He was dead right too; but on the other hand he was taller than most Eskimo and was able to reach up higher when building, so he had the edge on Fred who was about five foot nothing.

It took me several weeks of practice before I could produce anything decent myself. The walls usually fell in just as I was about to fit the key-block in the top. Eventually I got the knack and started fancying my luck as a snow-house builder. Unfortunately the first real one I built, when on the way to visit Payne Bay, was scuppered by my hasty partner clambering on top to put the dog harnesses out of the way of the ever-ravenous dogs. The lot fell in on my back just as I was cutting the door hole to get out. I found myself in a sort of Laocoon of skin line with my face buried in the wall I had laboriously constructed.

However, I was fat and sassy in those days and could roll to the punches. Now I'm fat and fifty and just roll. •



SACRED TO THE MEMORY

by Mary E. Gibbon

The old gravestones at Moose Factory tell many a tale of human drama.

This view taken at Moose Factory about twenty years ago shows the old graveyard surrounded by a picket fence. In the early years of the 19th century Moose Fort stood beyond the long building with the smokestack.

CHRISTINA and Joseph Vincent were pioneers. They lived at Albany, a small trading post on the shores of frigid James Bay. In the early spring Joseph became seriously ill and none of the home remedies that Christina tried made him any better. In spite of the fact that she was expecting a child, they set out for Moose Factory, eighty miles to the south, where there was a doctor — the only one within a thousand miles.

They arrived on the first of April. By this time Joseph was very ill. The trip in the bitter spring of the north had been too much for him. Ten days later, he died. He was just twenty-eight years old. Christina was now alone among strangers. Three weeks later her child was born and a few days after her delivery, Christina herself died. She was twenty years old. We do not know the cause of her death or whether the child was born alive or not. There is no record of what happened to it.

The Vincent story is not fiction; it is true. It is not even an unusual story for pioneer days. You can find some of the facts in the diary of the old church of St. Thomas at Moose Factory, Ontario. As you turn its brittle pages the hardships of the pioneers become hauntingly real. The end of the Vincents' story is to be found in the Moose Factory cemetery, where their gravestone says the final word: "United in death as in life."

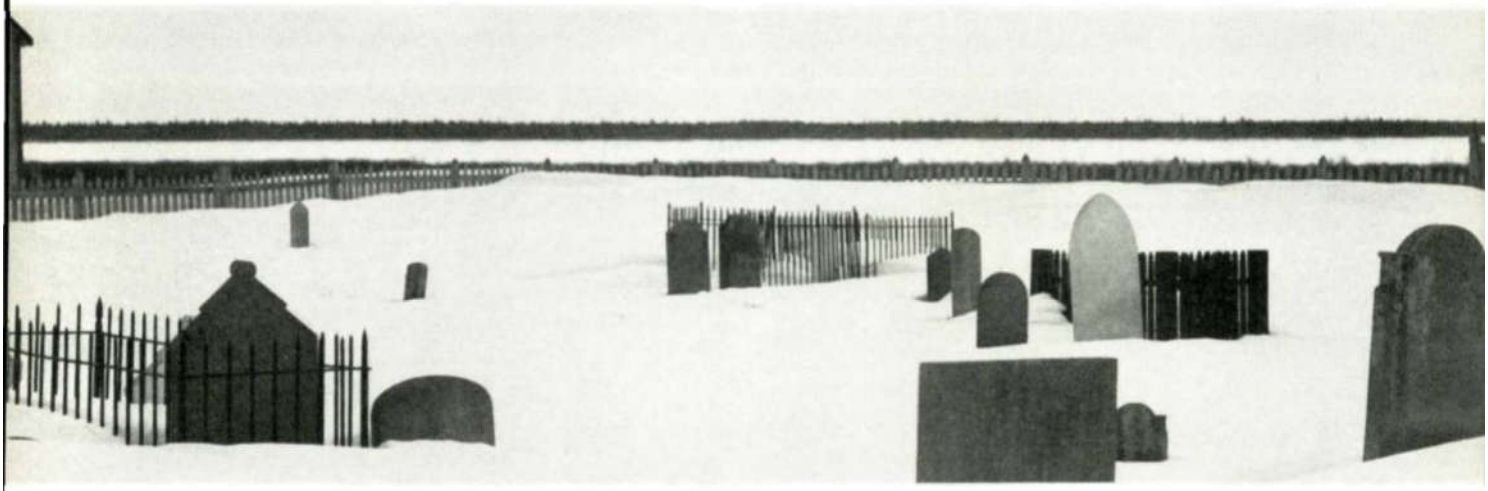
The graveyard with its picket fence is neglected now, but the tombstones standing in the tall grass tell the story of the years 1794-1902. It is an unexpected one. Over half

Miss Gibbon gathered the material for this article in the course of summer holidays spent at Moosonee.

of the stones are in memory of children. Of the adults the majority are of young women in the child-bearing years.

Who were these women and their children who now lie silent here? They were the wives and children of men who had dedicated themselves to the service of God, or of those who had dedicated themselves with almost equal fervour to the Hudson's Bay Company. Without exception these men served the Indians.

Most of the women came from the British Isles. A bride needed all her courage to make the journey from Britain to Moose Factory. She must have looked long and hard at the faces of parents and friends as the Hudson's Bay Company sailing ship pulled slowly away from the shore. She faced a journey of up to fifteen weeks across the North Atlantic and through the ice floes of Hudson Strait and she would receive no mail from home for over a year.



A closer view of the graveyard. The face of the stone on the extreme right is shown on the opposite page.

Moose Factory must have looked very desolate to her at the end of her long voyage. Just a tiny village of a few wooden houses—and many Indian lodges. There was only one road, no coaches, no horses. To the north, the sweep of James Bay; to the south, the everlasting bush.

Homesickness must have been a constant pain to many of the women. The laughter of their children was probably the best cure for it. But a woman who raised all her children to maturity was exceptional in those days.

In the early entries of the diary belonging to St. Thomas Church, two factors seem to be important in the daily lives of the people. The first is the weather. No matter what other happenings are recorded, the weather is never forgotten. The sub-arctic cold was a constant hazard to men travelling in the bush. One entry reads: "Weather from zero to minus thirty all week. Sammy S. alone in the bush, ill for fourteen days—only three cakes and a little fire. Found alive."

The other factor which constantly recurs in the diary is epidemics. They came with dreadful regularity and the mortality rate was high. In 1896 an epidemic started in May and was still raging in July:

May 1—Case of whooping cough reported. School closed for the present.

May 11—Second family with whooping cough. Another suspected

May 15—Boats returned from north post bringing more cases of whooping cough.

June 5th and 12th—Crowded Indian congregation. At times voices almost drowned by coughing. All advice as to precautions disregarded through deep seated social instincts. Many [Indians] say, "I am not afraid to die," as sufficient excuse for this.

June 14—More rain, which accentuates whooping cough.

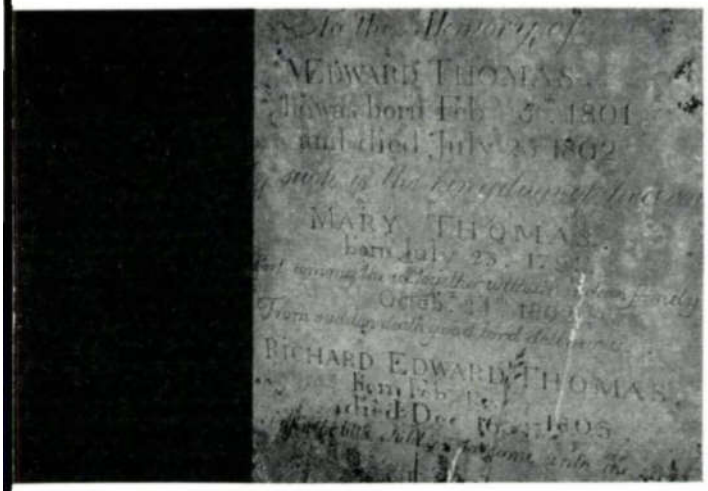
In July, eight children were buried. In December, scarlet fever was rampant and the Christmas treat was delivered to homes to prevent its spread.

Another infectious disease that plagued them came in August and September when "Canadian Cholera," a type of dysentery, took its toll of young children, as the gravestones testify. The Company doctors were powerless against the disease. Two of the graves are of infant daughters of the doctors themselves. And there were times when Moose Factory had no doctor. "The doctor of the

fort died suddenly. We are thus without medical advice for at least six or eight months. May God preserve us from serious illness and accident."

In the fall and early winter of 1897 the diary entries tell a sorrowful story:

"Epidemics of colds increased and became universal. Schools closed for lack of scholars. . . . *All* have been ill, much pain and prostration for many. . . . Lagrippe siezed most everyone. . . . Thus far eight deaths in ten days. . . . Six more deaths in ten days. . . . One more death on 12th making it 18. Mrs. Carey leaving seven little children. Weather from thirty to forty-one below all week."



The four births and deaths commemorated on this stone extend only from 1791 to 1806.

John Clark needed all his tenacity of purpose to help him through his sorrow. There are three names on the Clark stone. On Oct. 3rd, 1896, his wife, Eliza, was delivered of a daughter. The baby lived just nine hours. In November, the next year, when the first snow covered the frozen river, a son, Donald, was born. Then, on April 3rd, after a short illness, Eliza died. She was just twenty-one years old. Three months later the baby Donald died.

Most of the pioneers have silent witness to their sorrow in the forgotten graveyard. Bishop Horden, first Anglican Bishop of Moosonee, buried both an infant daughter and grandson before he himself died after forty-two years of service to the Indians.

Sickness and sub-arctic weather were not the only difficulties that faced the pioneer. These they met for the sake of the Indians that they had come to serve. But the Indians still clung to enough of their pagan ways to frighten a new arrival from civilization. On Sept. 7th, 1898, the diary reads: "Men returned confirming account of the starved Indian lad—a sad story causing much feeling."

Justice must move at the mercy of the weather in the north. It was almost a year before the culprit was brought to Moose Factory. Even then, justice was tempered with mercy and understanding: "Aug. 27th, 1898. An interesting service at which David Chena, the man who starved a lad last year, made public confession, imploring pardon of God and man. He has made what restitution he could."

The dispassionate cruelty of the north was a factor which was always present. Moose Factory is on a low island. Every spring, as great cakes of ice dammed up, the water rose until it almost covered the island. When the danger of flood was imminent, the cannon of the Hudson's Bay Company thundered a warning for everyone to make for the high ground on the island. There the families took refuge as they watched while the floes swirled around their homes and the roar of the grinding ice drowned out all other sounds.

The most poignant of all the markers tells of the death of a child on an ice floe. This is the story of the Thomases. On Feb. 5th, 1801, Mrs. Thomas gave birth to a son, Edward. A year later another son, Richard, was born. Mrs. Thomas must have spent a busy winter with one nursing baby, another one underfoot and the hungry stoves to keep stocked with wood against the cold. But, she had Mary, her ten year old daughter, to help.

Then, on July 25th, 1802, Edward died. He was eighteen months old. Three months later, when the river was freezing up, Mary was lost on an ice floe together with an Indian family. The shock of this death cries aloud in the words under Mary's name, "From sudden death, good Lord deliver us."

The next year, just before Christmas, Richard died—a toddler of nineteen months. Still the Thomases stayed with their work at Moose Factory. Under Richard's name they reaffirmed their faith and resignation. "Suffer little children to come unto Me." The following October, just as the geese were flying south, Mrs. Thomas was safely delivered of a daughter, Jane. But before she was two years old, she died. The Job-like quality of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas still shines from the final inscription at the end of five years of grief. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

The names of the Thomases, the Vincents and the Clarks will not be found in the history books. They are the small people that lived history rather than made it. Such is the story which the cemetery at Moose Factory tells. The struggles and courage of these people is our heritage. ◆

B. C. Centenary

In November 1858, at Fort Langley on the Fraser River, the creation of "Her Majesty's Colony of British Columbia" was proclaimed by its first governor and commander-in-chief, the former Chief Factor James Douglas. This is the event which is to be celebrated throughout the province next year, in innumerable ways.

To mark this centenary, the province is contributing one dollar per capita to each community, large or small, and this will be matched by the community itself. Of each dollar, forty cents will be devoted to general whoop-de-do—parades, games, dances, pageants, and what not—and sixty cents to some form of permanent memorial. For instance, a city with a population of 400,000 will have $800,000 to spend—$320,000 on ephemeralities for today's citizens, and $480,000 on something of lasting value for tomorrow's as well as today's.

Vancouver has decided to spend its $1.20 per capita on a new museum—something that is badly needed in B.C.'s metropolis—and this amount will be supplemented by funds from other sources.

Another of the memorials of (we hope) lasting value will be an anthology composed of historical and general articles, poetry, and short stories, all having to do with British Columbia. Anyone who wants to submit material for this book should send it to the B.C. Centennial Anthology, Box 1026, Victoria. Payment for published material will be four cents a word and up for prose, and $25 minimum for poetry. In each category the best entry will win a $1,000 prize, and the second best, $500. Contributions should be in the editor's hands by the end of March.

In its own small way the *Beaver* is calling attention to the events of a century ago, by publishing a series of articles recalling them. Professor Creighton's article in the last issue was the first of these; others will describe the historic happenings of 1857 and 1858, when eastern Canadians were reaching out to learn more about the possibilities of settlement in the fur traders' realm of the West; and one of the 1958 issues will be devoted entirely to British Columbia.

Good Deal

Seen through the perspective of nearly ninety years, the land deal that the Canadian Government made with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1869, which Prof. Creighton discusses in this issue, now appears (as the Toronto *Globe & Mail* puts it) to be "the biggest and best real estate investment" in Canadian history. The cash price paid to the Company for Rupert's Land, which was the watershed of Hudson Bay comprising about one and a half million square miles, was £300,000; which comes to about four shillings, or a dollar, a square mile.

Besides this, the Company could retain all their posts or stations in any part of British North America, together with certain blocks of land surrounding them, amounting in all to over 45,000 acres. And in addition, they could claim at any time within the next fifty years, one twentieth of the land set aside for settlement within the Fertile Belt. This belt was defined as bounded on the west by the Rockies, on the north by the North Saskatchewan, on the south by the U.S. border, and on the east by Lake Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods and the waters connecting them.

When one considers the present and potential production within the Hudson Bay watershed of oil, grain, and metals, it would seem that Canada got a pretty good bargain out of the deal.

NORTHERN BOOKS

THE INDIAN AND THE HORSE, by Frank Gilbert Roe. The University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, U.S.A., and Burns & MacEachern, Toronto. 434 pages. $6.50.

Reviewed by Joy Bedson Grant

HERE is a chronicle of events that horsemen and students of the American Indian will cite as an authority for the controversies they forever carry on. Dr. Roe, a keen student of the North American past, has already established himself as a scholar careful to gather every bone of fact that has been gnawed with interest over the years. This book is no exception. He brings together material from every authority, he injects his deductions and presents his decisions on matters that until now have been tangled but untied threads of history. There have been many books *almost* dealing with these subjects but mostly the individual tribes were in question, not the history of the Plains Indians and their mounts.

The horse revitalizing the Indian is a concrete conclusion, not the vague theory that wild horses were roaming somewhere, later to be servants of the Indian.

For the pedestrian Plains Indian, without a horse, the dog was the beast of burden. How then did he acquire horses and quickly become one of the best equestrians of the world? Most historians have sidled over the matter very easily with the simple conclusion that strays from De Soto, Coronado and other early explorers soon found each other, and from them descended bands of wild horses. Impossible, says Dr. Roe. He cites authorities for his attack on the problem, delighting particularly in J. Frank Dobie's comment that it would be similar to Adam in Asia finding Eve in Africa. Dr. Roe is very careful to explode many theories and then to construct a new picture with every reference and deduction desirable for such an important subject.

More and more problems are presented and examined inside out. Dr. Roe himself feels there is one that may never be solved—the Indians favoured their Pinto ponies but how did the strain begin and how did it flourish? It is such an intriguing question that it is truly exciting to explore the conflicting decisions that have been accepted as satisfactory. Coloration is an intense study. Roe examines the careful records that the Spaniards kept on their horses, for these animals were precious possessions. The Spaniards disliked Pintos. It is therefore unlikely that they would bring quantities with them to the breeding grounds. Like begets like. There would have to be one Pinto horse in each of the original wild herds. Horsemen will enjoy this problem and all the accounts and theories concerning the original importations.

Dr. Roe has included many excellent illustrations from rare photographs and paintings which give a special added interest. There is already interest enough in Dr. Roe's chatty style quoting and summarizing every authority, with yards of footnotes in case you wish to delve further. Almost too many. But this book is an important study and he is therefore justified. Also included is an excellent bibliography and extended index that greatly adds to the value of this book as an historical reference. However, the book belongs not just to students of history, but to horsemen too, for the latter always enjoy stories of stamina and speed especially when the mysteries of fact are involved.

Mrs. Grant, formerly statistician for the "Thoroughbred Record" at Lexington, Ky., is now statistician at the National Stud Farm, Oshawa, Ont.

ARCHIBALD THE ARCTIC, by Archibald Lang Fleming, S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd., Toronto, and Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York, 1956. 394 pages. $5.00.

Reviewed by Wanda Neill Tolboom

THE autobiography of the late Archibald Lang Fleming, first Anglican Bishop of the Arctic, is a deep and satisfying story. Written in humility, and without a trace of egotism, in the peaceful twilight of his life, the greatness of the man is evident in every page. The reader strongly feels that the writer's heart has held the pen.

From the moment in 1909 when the young Scottish missionary stepped ashore at Lake Harbour on Baffin Island from a small sailing schooner, until the day in 1947 when a sudden coronary thrombosis forced him into retirement, he laboured unceasingly in Christian service for, and among, the Eskimos of the Canadian Arctic.

The book abounds with fascinating tales of almost unbelievable hardships which followed the founding of this first Baffin Island mission, of famine and epidemic, meetings with the early whalers and long journeys by dog sled and native boat into treacherous and unknown land to reach the people to whom he had dedicated his life.

Wisely, he realized the futility of attempting to stamp out the pagan practices and beliefs of these primitive Eskimos. Instead, he walked unafraid into the darkness of their lives and gently led them into the light.

Mrs. Tolboom, author of "Tosie of the Far North," "Arctic Bride," and "People of the Snow," has spent a number of years in the Arctic.

Archibald Fleming was the first white man to return alive from an overland sled journey to the Foxe Channel, and because of this remarkable trip, he later received the honour of a fellowship in the Royal Geographical Society.

In 1927 he became Archdeacon of the Arctic and was given the task of correlating the work of the Church in the North. In 1933 he was consecrated as the first Bishop of the Arctic, the largest diocese in the world—1,204,697 square miles. When northland flying was still in its infancy he travelled thousands of miles by aircraft across his vast diocese and became known as "The Flying Bishop."

Instead of spurning modern inventions, he used them for his own purposes. During a fund raising campaign in the United States he appeared before television cameras and became the first Bishop to be seen on TV.

Archibald the Arctic should not only be prescribed reading for every young arctic missionary but for every person whose work touches the lives of the Eskimo people. A deeper understanding would be brought about not only of the Eskimos, but of the missionaries themselves. It is a book for the anthropologist, the historian, the geographer and the average reader in search of a fine tale of adventure.

There are perhaps more elaborately embroidered and gayer stories of Arctic life, but they appear tawdry by comparison.

To this reviewer, who poignantly recalls standing with Bishop Fleming at the site of his first mission house on Baffin Island, on his final visit in 1946, the book is the essence of the man.

THE NORTHWEST GUN, by Charles E. Hanson Jr., Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1955. 85 pages.

Reviewed by S. J. Gooding

THE author of this, the first book to attempt to tell the story of the "Northwest gun," is director of the Museum of the Fur Trade, at Chadron, Nebraska, and has in his custody one of the finest collections of trade guns known. For this reason alone, he would be qualified to write on the subject. But, in addition, he has made a very thorough study of many guns from private collections.

Writing mainly for the gun collector, Mr. Hanson has traced the flintlock and percussion trade gun as sold by the Hudson's Bay Company, the North West Company, the American Fur Company and the independent traders from about 1750 to the last quarter of the 19th century. Information is also included about the breech loading and repeating rifles of the late Indian wars.

In addition to the impetus that *The Northwest Gun* will give to the collecting and studying of trade guns, this book will be of considerable assistance to archaeologists and ethnologists. The author's study of the markings found on the lock, stock and barrel, as well as the butt plate, trigger guard and the characteristic side plate, will aid considerably in the dating of archaeological remains. In the past it has been extremely difficult, or often impossible, to date European trade goods accurately without very laborious research. Now, if a major gun part, or sometimes even a minor part, is found, the article can be dated very accurately, possibly to the actual year of manufacture.

The early influences of the H B C on the Northwest gun are covered separately under the title of "H B C leads the way." An important part of this chapter is a list of 51 gunmakers who supplied firearms to the Company before 1763. But the published minutes of the Company, record seven between 1674 and 1683 which are not listed here.

Although well documented and footnoted, Mr. Hanson has on a number of occasions used "personal correspondence" as his authority for making a statement. Unfortunately, he has not given any indication of the reliability of his informants. This reviewer finds it difficult to believe that a trade gun made for the East India Company could be traced (at this late date) through a Caughnawauga Indian to an H B C post.

Apart from these and a few other minor criticisms, one feels that the author has done a very commendable job. *The Northwest Gun* will remain the authority on trade guns for a long time to come.

Mr. Gooding is a firearms specialist at the Royal Ontario Museum.

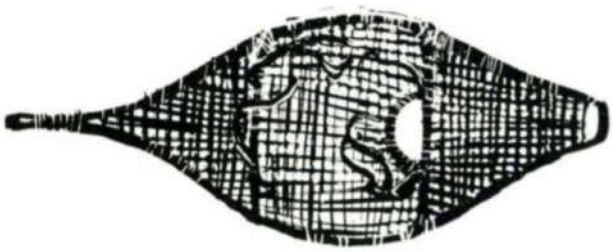
TRAVELLERS WEST, by Mary Quayle Innis. Clarke, Irwin, Toronto, 1956. 335 pages, $3.50.

Reviewed by Malvina Bolus

THREE remarkable journeys are the subject of this book. Each was fully written up by the travellers themselves. One could wish that all Canadians would read the complete accounts, but the books are not easy to come by. Mrs. Innis has made an excellent and enjoyable digest of them, using a good deal of the original text.

Lord Southesk made his journey in 1859-60. He was in search of sport and an open-air life to restore his health. He travelled from Toronto to Fort Garry with Sir George

Miss Bolus is editor of the "Moccasin Telegraph."



Simpson, by way of St. Paul. There his own expedition began and he set out with carts, fifteen horses, six men including a gamekeeper from his Scottish estate, and an extensive library. Southesk has a neat turn of phrase, whether describing the dexterity of his guide in cutting up an antelope, or his gregarious horse which liked to eat blue flowers. On the prairies there was the buffalo hunt, then the party continued westward, following trails from one H B C post to another. When they reached the Rockies they branched off into totally unmapped country. Southesk found the deep valleys oppressive; he entered the mountains with joy, and a month later left them with greater joy, having explored some new territory.

Another party travelling "for pleasure" (though both decided after much hardship that the term was not well chosen) was that of Lord Milton and his companion-tutor-physician Dr. Cheadle, who arrived in 1862. Dr. Cheadle was a strong, practical, and resourceful young man who frequently had to turn to and do most of the work on the trip, but managed to keep a daily journal. It was due to him that the party succeeded in reaching the Pacific coast in the fall of 1863. The inadequate party had struggled across the Yellowhead Pass and overcome incredible hardships before reaching the security of Kamloops.

By the time Grant and Fleming set out across the continent in 1872 things had changed. Rupert's Land had become part of Canada, the east was organized, steam tugs operated on many of the lakes. Sandford Fleming was a railway engineer and his purpose was to survey a route for a railway. George Grant, a Nova Scotia pastor, was interested in the possibilities of settlement and the development of farming lands. As late as the 1870s the only farms in the west (apart from British Columbia) were at H B C posts. The party crossed the Yellowhead Pass and reached the coast at New Westminster, then the only town—population 1,000—on the Fraser delta.

These intelligently condensed stories bring vivid realization of how recent is the opening up, and how rapid the development, of this sprawling, rugged country.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, by Richard Morenus. Landmark Books, Random House, N.Y., 1956. 178 pages. $1.95.

Reviewed by Grace Lee Nute

THOUGH this book for boys and girls purports to tell the story of the Hudson's Bay Company, there is actually very little about the corporation in it. For the first 11 chapters out of a total of 21 the narrative consists of a biography, garbled and shot full of errors, of Pierre Esprit Radisson. Iberville's career in the next chapter is even less accurate, and the fourteenth chapter—on Henry Kelsey—is little if any better.

In chapter 16 Samuel Hearne and Alexander Mackenzie figure slightly in the midst of extraordinary statements, such as: "So he [Simon McTavish] talked and talked . . . and pretty soon found himself at the head of a group calling themselves the Northwest Company and having for their avowed purpose the ruin of the Hudson's Bay Company."

The leader of the Red River half-breeds becomes Cuthbert "Grand" in chapter 17, where Selkirk's colonizing activities get a decidedly novel, not to say imaginative, treatment. Included is the remark, "An edict of the Crown said the Northwest Company had to unite with the Hudson's Bay Company," in 1821.

A final chapter makes such incorrect statements about the present status of the Hudson's Bay Company as that it "operates what is probably Canada's largest real-estate agency," and that the Company is active in producing ranch fur.

All in all, the boy or girl who reads this book will have about as erroneous an idea of Canadian history as could well be obtained from anything in print.

THE BOLD HEART, The Story of Father Lacombe, by Josephine Phelan (Great Stories of Canada series). Macmillan, Toronto, 1956. 182 pages. $2.00.

THE Bold Heart—the title is aptly chosen, for Father Lacombe certainly did not lack bravery, and he was one of the best known and best loved priests of the Canadian West. He went to Fort Edmonton in 1852 in a York boat brigade of the Hudson's Bay Company, and spent practically the rest of his life ministering to the Blackfeet and Crees. He nursed them when they had smallpox, buried their dead, and settled their quarrels. In fact, he was a first-rate negotiator between the Crees and the Blackfeet.

Dr. Nute of the Minnesota Historical Society is an authority on the history of the fur trade, particularly in regard to the 17th century. Her "Caesars of the Wilderness" is the standard work on Groseilliers and Radisson.

This book will appeal to young people—especially boys—because Father Lacombe had all the qualities that are needed to make a hero. They will also enjoy reading about the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and reliving the days of Chief Sweet Grass, and Chief Crowfoot.

Miss Phelan, however, exaggerates many incidents, which in the life of Father Lacombe is unnecessary. His career was colourful enough; there is no need to dramatize it.

Evidently, the author used Miss Katherine Hughes's book, *Father Lacombe: The Black Robe Voyageur* (McClelland & Stewart, 1920) quite frequently for references, although no acknowledgment is made. In fact she follows the outline of *Father Lacombe* quite closely. For instance, when the priest contracted scarlet fever we read in Miss Hughes's book, page 72, "His remedies were all gone and he felt himself consumed with the fever," and in *The Bold Heart*, page 15, we read "His remedies were all gone and his strength too."

On page 107 the author also quotes a description of Father Lacombe by W. C. Van Horne, but she neglects to say that it is taken from Van Horne's preface to Miss Hughes's book.—*S.A.H.*

THE BOOK OF FUR, by J. G. Links. James Barrie, London, 1956. 185 pages. 25s.

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Links knows all about furs. He was born into the business, was taken away from school before he was fifteen to learn the trade in the last years of his father's life, became fascinated by furs, and admits that in a lifetime spent among furs the only thing he has not had to do is to wear one.

It is rare to find a specialist who can write with interest for the layman. But Mr. Links does so with modesty and with humour. The purpose of the book, he says, is to solve the mystery of balance between price and quality in the purchase of furs by the ultimate wearer. He gives sage advice to the prospective buyer of a fine fur coat. But most of the book could be read with enjoyment by one whose nearest approach to fur has been to pat the neighbour's dog.

The Book of Fur covers a wide field. It ranges from the trapper to the wearer, with interesting accounts of the work of the many skilled people involved in the production of one fine coat. It touches briefly on the history of furs and their part in costume. There is a capsule history of the Hudson's Bay Company; a section on furs in general; and about half the book is devoted to specific furs, from rabbit to mink. The latter receives most attention in the book, being today's most popular fur and the one that now accounts for by far the greater part of all fur business.

The author disarms criticism by stating in his "forewarning" that he has unashamedly mixed opinions with facts. One wonders under which heading he places the old wives' tale he has revived that in early trading days a musket was worth as many piled skins as would reach from "stock" (butt plate) to muzzle. Incidentally the skins brought back from Hudson Bay in the *Nonsuch* in 1669 appear to have been sold by private treaty rather than auctioned at Garraway's where the first public H B C sale took place in 1672.

But these are historical details which in no way detract from the alluring story of furs, and no one would carp at learning that Cinderella's glass shoe was really a cozy squirrel slipper, a slipshod translator misinterpreting *vair*, the fur, for *verre*, glass.

The story of furs is brought to life, and an intriguing one it is.—*M.B.*

A PICTURE HISTORY OF CANADA, illustrated by Clarke Hutton, written by Ivon Owen and Wm. Toye. Oxford University Press, 1956. 62 pages. $3.00.

THIS is an outline—mostly pictorial—of the development of Canada from the aboriginal period to the present day, and it's attractively done in plenty of colour and good big type for children of all ages. It is true that an academic historian could pick plenty of small holes in both the text and illustrations. For instance: Cartier named the hill *Mont Royal*, not *Mont Real*; the meaning of the word Canada is not unknown; Radisson and Groseilliers did not reach Hudson Bay by land; the Union Jack of today was not flown in 1792; the 1871 Indian treaty by no means covered the then North West Territory; and the "last spike" of the C.P.R. was not a golden one. But such mistakes detract very little from the all-round value of this book as a pleasant introduction to the story of the Canada for the young.—*C.W.*

BUCHANAN

HUNTING MACKINNON

MALCOLM

HUNTING MENZIES

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

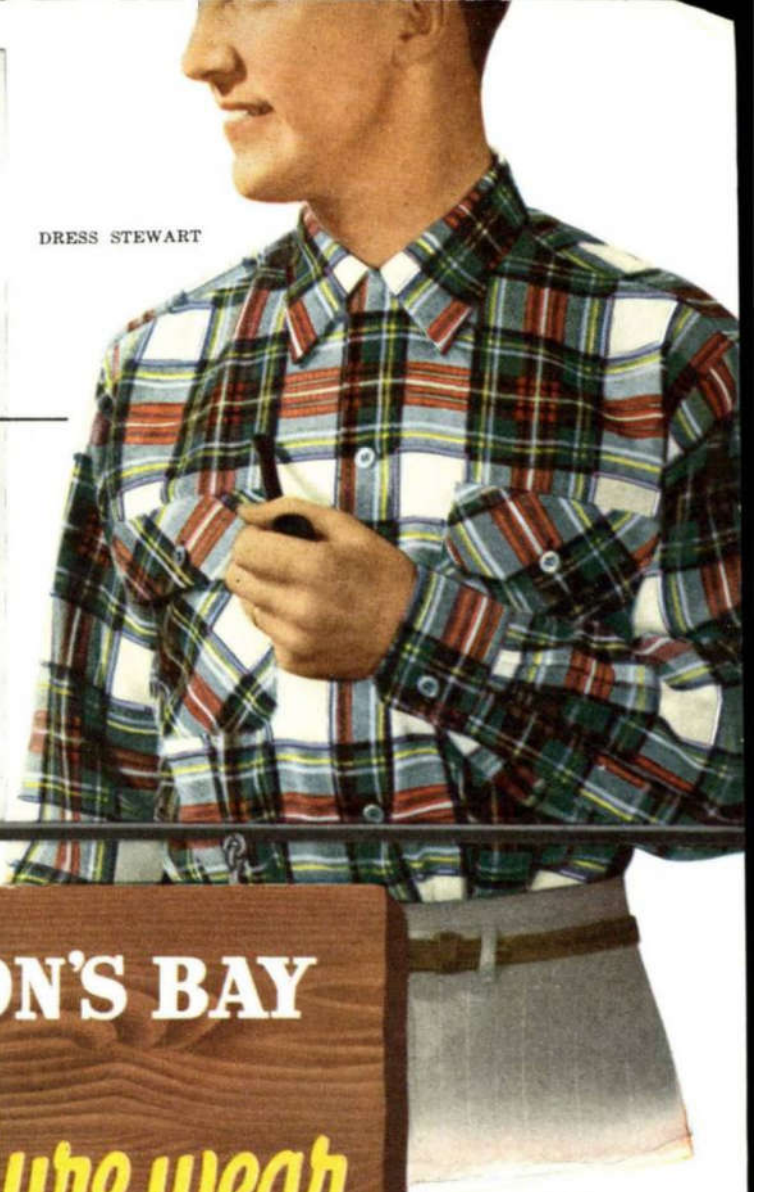
LINDSAY

SCARLET

GORDON

ROYAL STEWART

DRESS GORDON



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